THE ARYAN PATH

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December 1969

EDITORIAL REPRINT from

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Man the Maker of Historic Cycles

STELLA MEAD

Memories of Mahatma Gandhi

BRIAN G. COOPER

George Fox, the Mystic and the Man

P. NAGARAJA RAO

The Meaning of *Dharma* in Hinduism

ALUN LLEWELLYN

The Scheme of Days

BOOKS REVIEWED INCLUDE

The British Image of India; *Note on the Bhagavad-Gita*; *Three Mughal Poets: Mir, Sauda, Mir Hasan*; *Theatre in Southeast Asia*; *Fundamentals of Rāga and Tāla*

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

— The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XL DECEMBER 1969 No. 12

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Man the Maker of Historic Cycles

[We reprint this impressive article, in which the well-known American historian and writer, James Truslow Adams, advanced some important views about cycles and their action in history, from THE ARYAN PATH, June 1937.—ED.]

I AM NOT one of those who believe that history is a science in the ordinary modern use of that word. It has not yet become a correlated mass of facts from which we are able to construct laws which permit us to make predictions with certainty. There are various reasons for this, lying partly in the nature of the investigators and partly in that of the data. Leaving aside the historians of the past who used their material chiefly for the purposes of romance and drama or propaganda, we may note that even the present-day historian who likes to consider himself a "scientist" — partly because of the worship of science today — usually has neither the ability nor courage to approach his subject in the method of true science. He has to a superlative degree the faults and the timidity of the specialist. He confines himself to a minute section of the field. For example, for fear lest he may be caught tripping among the minutiae of "his subject," he studies, say, the American Revolution and knows nothing of the English, French, Russian, or other revolutions. That is, the comparative method, so fruitful in science, is not essayed in history. Moreover, science has advanced not only by painstaking research of phenomena but also by the formulation of bold hypotheses. For understandable professional reasons the modern "scientific" historian sneers at such generalizations and hypotheses as philosophy and not science, and will not usually risk his reputation among his fellow delvers after "facts," or perhaps his rise in salary, by attempting to use this branch of scientific method.

Then there is the nature of the material. The data of recorded history

covers but an infinitesimal part of man's life on earth. Much of it is inadequate or questionable. Above all it is treated as personal. The chemist treats one atom of hydrogen like every other atom of the same element. The life insurance companies are solvent because they can average the life-spans and accidents of a million individuals. Darwin could construct laws governing the growth of coral islands because he did not care about the loves or hates of the individual coral insects. But the historian deals with personalities. He does not study revolutions, to repeat our example, as a natural scientist studies waterspouts or cyclones, but writes in terms of a Robespierre and a Marat, a Lenin and a Stalin. In other words, in history we are dealing with the realm of mind and not of matter.

But it increasingly seems to me that we need not for that reason abandon the scientific method, that is, the combination of bold hypothesis and painsaking laboratory and field research. The world of mind is not a chaos because it is not the world of matter. *I need not here discuss the metaphysics of how the one may be related to the other. But the two realms are to a remarkable extent parallel, and both are subject to law.* A material phenomenon, as we call it, flows from its antecedents into its consequences, and so do spiritual phenomena. As individuals, we are today what our past has made us and our tomorrow will be the consequence of today. As a historian I have done much laboratory research but I believe it equally important to attempt the despised generalizations. In this brief article I have been asked to consider only one, that of historic cycles.

As we ponder the entire cosmic process, one phenomenon stands out incontestably, that of cycles. These occur with equal certainty in what we call the animate and inanimate worlds, though even science is steadily blurring the demarcation line between the two, and some day we may recognize the larger synthesis which unites them both as aspects of one absolute. The fundamental fact for us in this article, however, is the universality of cycles, the existence of a rhythm which applies to all things. There is nothing which does not pass through the stages of what we call birth, growth, decay, and death. This applies to the vastest sun and the minutest microbe. As it applies to everything in the universe, perhaps even to the universe itself, there are innumerable life cycles going on simultaneously. There is the infinitely vast life cycle of our own solar universe and the probably shorter but still, by human standards, infinite cycle of the earth. On the latter there have been the cycles measured in millions of years of the geologic ages; the cycles of the birth, growth, decay, and disappearance of continents and mountain ranges; the cycles of whole races of plant and animal life; and from these we

come down to not only the brief life-spans of individuals of these races and species but of the individual cells composing the form of each.

Let us consider the biology and history of man. In the individual human body there are many life cycles passing through their phases at once. Leaving out of consideration the atom, which science has now resolved into electrical particles, and the molecule, we may start at the cell of living matter. These have their life cycles of varying length. It is said, roughly, that on the whole, the human body changes completely in this respect every seven years. As a whole, the organism may have, under proper conditions, a normal life of eighty years. But the cycles of the parts vary greatly. Our first teeth are decayed and discarded in early youth whereas our hair continues to grow even after what we call the death of the whole. But the individual human being, like the individual cell, is only a part of a larger whole. He himself is a cell in what we term a society or a civilization. Just as a cell dies and the person continues, so the person dies and the society continues. But these larger human aggregates have also their life cycles. The historic and archaeological past is strewn with the wrecks of cultures and civilizations which have passed through their cycles, as it is with the fossil remains of races of animals which have passed through theirs. But as the cell dies and the individual remains, so the individual dies and the civilization remains, and the civilization dies and the race remains.

No-one can tell why there should be the differences in the length of the cycles — why, for example, some trees should have a life of fifty years and some of four thousand, why some insects or animals should live a few hours and others a century or more. The point is, that although accident may shorten or prolong the cycle, there seems to be for every organization, however simple or complex it may be, a definite cycle of more or less determined length, and the fundamentals are the same for all — birth, growth, decay, and death.

We do not know why there should be these pulse-beats in the cosmos but have to accept them. They are there. When we come to the sphere of man we find the same rhythm in his mental life. Man starts as a youth with abounding energy, curiosity, ambition. Life and power seem endless. As he matures he realizes better his conflict with luck, fate, or nature. As he decays, he becomes conservative, unwilling to risk or change, and at each stage he reacts differently to the same stimuli. The adventure which lures the boy leaves the old man by the fireside.

It has been said lately that there is no more reason for trying to interpret society by the analogy of biology than by that of mathematics or of astronomy. Analogy by itself is an unsafe method of reasoning but I

do believe that when we are attempting to account for the cyclical changes in human affairs we cannot leave out the mind of man. In accounting for the cycles in the physical world, including man's own body, we cannot consider his mind as a cause, but in accounting for his own mental cycle and the cycle of those things which his mind has created, such as societies and civilizations, I do not see how we can leave his mind out. We have reached another plane in which unknown factors are at work.

Recently I had occasion to write of economic cycles in the business world and I then explained at length that I considered such cycles as different from those in the physical world. I took the ground that the so-called laws of economics are different from those of chemistry, for example, in that they are merely the shadows on the screen of a mental cycle which each generation of men goes through and in which memory and the various emotions play their parts. I shall not repeat here what I then said, but it appears to me that *the historic cycles are equally the shadows of a longer mental cycle in the races which build up cultures and civilizations.* If that be so, we have to look for their explanation in the nature of man and not of the physical universe.

Let us consider the present state of the Western world, and first the role of memory. It is only a few generations ago that man was everywhere oppressed. He revolted against despotism — in England, America, France, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere. Because of his then condition he felt that the chief thing worth fighting for was political liberty with its accompaniments of freedom of thought, press, speech, and action. He fought and to a great extent won. For a century or so he was so free that he forgot what lack of freedom had meant. He accepted the benefits of freedom as he accepted the air he breathed. He thought no more of losing them than he did of not having by right enough oxygen in his lungs. We realize the value of air when a man has us by the throat, but when we are released we no longer fight merely for the air. The Western world to a great extent forgot, and so has lost its freedom again.

This brings us to another phase of the relation of civilization cycles to man's mind. In the seventeenth century man was adventurous. There was that outburst of energy characteristic of youth. Today the citizen in nation after nation, like the old man, asks for comfort, safety, and security. This, combined with his loss of memory as to what lack of freedom meant, has made him the easy prey of the dictators who are now again reappearing like reptiles of an earlier geological age born out of due time. His reactions to the problems and stimuli of his life have changed. Just as the individual man goes through his mental life cycles, so, I believe, does a nation or a culture. But the cycle is a human cycle;

only the generations take the place of the phases of the individual's growth and decay. The generations in a culture are like the years of a man's life, each indissolubly linked to and affected by all that has gone before, and equally determining the future.

A man may be born, live a year or a century, and die. No-one can set a term to the individual life. But all die. To ask whether the civilizations of today will last for ever is like asking if there are men living today who will live for ever. No civilization ever has and I see no reason to expect that one ever will. The same emotional factors and loss of memory which send men through the economic cycle of hope, energy, over-expansion, speculation, fear, panic, and catastrophe, work out in different proportions and factors in the lives of the civilizations man creates.

There are two interesting points to note. One is that, unlike the fairly fixed cycles in the physical world, those of the mental world seem to be speeding up. The civilization of the stone age may have lasted 50,000 years, those of the old near-Oriental monarchies 4000–5000; but the rate of change steadily increases. Another is that although men live and die, and civilizations also, not only does the race of man continue, but, after each pulse-beat, it seems to rise to greater heights intellectually and spiritually. It is when that rise stops in any particular civilization that downfall appears to come. The sins, the mistakes, and the weariness become too great. The fact, however, that this pulsating rhythm, to which the whole cosmos moves, raises man spiritually, as the rhythm continues and grows faster in tempo, is of extraordinary interest. I have spoken of the historic cycles as man-made, and I believe they are, in the sense that they are the shadows of mental cycles in the race, as the economic cycles are the shadows of the mental cycles of each generation; but man himself, and the race, may be shadows of we know not what, and the rhythm which runs through the entire universe, carrying that part of it which we know best — mankind itself — ever higher, leads to speculation upon which I cannot enter here.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

If God works a miracle, he does it through Man.

—PARACELSUS

STELLA MEAD

Memories of Mahatma Gandhi

[We are glad to have this bunch of memories from Miss Stella Mead, the well-known British writer and poet. Miss Mead writes of events that it is good to recall in this year of the birth centenary of Gandhiji. There are heart-warming glimpses of Gandhiji in daily life.—ED.]

MY FIRST MEETING with Mahatma Gandhi was at a tea party given for him in London when he came to England in 1930 for the Round Table Conference. Like everyone else present I was deeply interested in this ascetic-looking little man who had apparently become a great power in India. But it was not until I went to India in 1932 that I really got to know Gandhiji. In a sense Gandhi *was* India.

I well remember my first glimpse of him in India. It was at the railway station at Bombay. He was travelling with his friends further south, going third class as they all did. A crowd gathered on the platform and, as Gandhi stood there so simply in his white dhoti, it seemed to me that the atmosphere was charged with wonder and affection. People spoke his name lovingly and surged nearer to get a better view of him.

While I was in Calcutta I was invited to stay at the guest-house at Rabindranath Tagore's *ashram* in Santiniketan. I found that the splendid work of rural reconstruction then being carried out in Bengal by the students at Tagore's World University was directly inspired by Gandhiji. For the occasion of his visit to Santiniketan a splendid *Mela* had been organized and Gandhi had the opportunity of seeing the work that was being done amongst the villagers. I remember the thrill of expectation with which we awaited Gandhiji's coming and the delight we all had in his presence. Most clearly of all I remember the exciting tug-of-war that took place during the games period between the students at the University and the Harijans from the villages. Harijans, a word meaning "God's people" was the name Gandhi gave to the outcastes of Indian society.

Another memorable experience was a prayer meeting Gandhiji held on the veranda of the guest-house. There was nothing sensational about it, only a deep reverence and a feeling that our hearts "burned within us" while this quiet little man led us into the presence of the Highest.

There were visitors from all parts of India at the *Mela* and also many guests from other lands who were sharing in the university life at the *ashram*. One of these guests was a woman painter from Europe who did a charming picture of Gandhiji — a study in black, white, and grey. I liked it very much and I was touched and grateful when the artist gave me this picture. She even asked Gandhiji to autograph it and he did so, with a winning smile, in his own vernacular.

After that I did not see Mahatma Gandhi again until, months later, I went to stay with Ruth Robinson in Bangalore. Ruth was one of Gandhiji's admiring friends. The daughter of an American bishop, she was born and grew up in an American mission home in India. When, after her university life in America, she returned to India, she gave herself, heart and soul, to the cause of India's freedom. But she knew that the people had to be educated before they could claim their birthright. She worked among the untouchables. She helped to organize a school for married mothers and child brides. She published magazines for adults in various vernaculars — Kannada, Tamil, Telugu ... I do not know how many others. She edited a delightful magazine for children called *The Treasure Chest*. Gandhiji approved highly of Ruth's work.

He was coming to visit Bangalore, and it was an event we were all looking forward to with the greatest eagerness. And, in the end, how simply he came among us! I was invited with Ruth to lunch with him. It all seemed very intimate. Ruth teased him a little and the atmosphere was so charged with ease and friendliness that I ventured to say, jestingly, "But Gandhiji, you preach *Swadeshi* to us all and yet I can't help noticing that you are using a perfectly good English knife and fork made in Sheffield."

"The knife and fork were given to me by a beloved friend in England," Gandhiji replied. "For his sake I use them."

But later Gandhiji sacrificed this pleasure of commemorating a friend's kindness and became the man of the begging bowl and the wooden spoon.

Someone suggested that Gandhiji should grant an interview to us both, Ruth and me. Each of us would ask him questions and write an account of the interview. He agreed to this. But a shorthand writer must be present. (Because other interviewers had distorted some of Gandhiji's remarks and quoted him quite erroneously, his friends insisted on this.) So we had our interview and it was published in a local magazine. But I never saw it in print and today I have no recollection of the questions Ruth and I put to Gandhi, or of his replies.

A few days later a friend and neighbour of Ruth's, Dr. Raman Rau, also a friend of Gandhiji's, told me that Gandhiji was going to open a new well for untouchables in the little village of Kengeri, some distance away to the south. He asked me if I would like to go, and of course I said I should love to. So on the important day I duly set off with Dr. Rau's kind and attentive chauffeur and, after a long dusty drive, we came near to Kengeri. Dusty is the word! The processions of people, on foot, by car, by bullock bandy, by every conceivable means of transport, caused storms of dust to rise in the air. I could not help thinking of the

scenes in Galilee, and the crowds, and the dusty journey of the miracle-working Christ.

The scene will live in my memory always. There was a vast sea of faces, a vast crowd of people. And when Gandhiji stood by the new well, a great hush fell upon us all. He took the first cup of water from the new well and said clearly and simply in English (which was afterwards translated into the vernacular):

> May we all remember, whenever we drink of this water, that we are all the children of one great Father! May it be to us the water of a purer and more unselfish life!

The ceremony was over and now the surging people were all trying to get closer to Gandhi. Mothers held their children up to him and he took some of them into his arms. Women took off their jewels and handed them to him that they might be sold in aid of his work. Children gathered round him, but his friends managed to keep him aloof from too much pressure. I was deeply moved by the experience. I had abandoned my chair and was standing quite close to Gandhiji when he opened the well, so that I heard every word as he uttered it. I do not think that I shall ever forget the sound of his voice.

Many people had brought costly gifts for Gandhi to auction. He took a few of the articles in his hands and the bidding began, his helpers carrying out the auctioneering. There was a silver cup and I made a bid for it. Gandhiji smiled at me and immediately handed it to me. The cup has been one of my treasured possessions ever since.

I was driven back to Bangalore and with great pride I showed Ruth my silver cup. "Take it to the silversmith in the bazaar tomorrow morning," Ruth said, "and have it engraved AUCTIONED BY GANDHIJI AT KENGERI ON MAY 24TH, 1934." The next morning the whole of that village scene at the well came surging back into my mind and I began to shape the memories that came to me in a roughly-hewn sonnet. Here it is:

To Mahatma Gandhi

Your love has lit our minds with flaming thought.
We think of humble lives that through the years
Have borne the chains by ancient customs wrought.
Women and men whose heritage of tears
Has sullied India's past. We hear your cry:
"Their grief is mine, the burdens they must bear
Fall on my heart, and gladly would I die
So they might gain of life a lovelier share."

Mahatma! this shall be your glorious fame,
That you have tried in lowly, loving ways
To free men's fettered lives. For when your name
Flows on from tongue to tongue in love and praise
Proud sons of India will smile and say,
"He bore our griefs and took our shame away."

I saw Gandhiji a day or two later when he was leaving Bangalore and I gave him a copy of my lines, telling him that I had written them after the ceremony at the well. He smiled gently and said "I will read your poem."

As for my silver cup, I brought it safely home to England, duly engraved as Ruth had demanded. Many times Indian visitors have looked at the cup and heard its story. One of them said to me, "Gandhiji's hands have blessed it! Will you sell it to me? I will give you whatever you ask. I would so like to have it."

When I went back to England, Millie and Henry Polak became good friends of mine. I was often in their home and I met a number of Gandhiji's friends there. Some of the people I remember seeing there were Jawaharlal Nehru and Krishna Menon. Jinnah came once. And Sir Abdul and Lady Qadir were always gracious guests. Millie Polak had written a book about Gandhi's life in Africa, which she called *Mr. Gandhi: The Man*. She told me how she had lost so much sleep when her baby cried at night. She could not stop his crying. Gandhiji, who was a great friend of the family in Africa, was distressed at her loss of sleep. "Give me the child," he said. "He shall sleep in my bed and he will not cry." With some misgiving, Mrs. Polak handed over her baby, and the child slept peacefully at Gandhiji's side.

Henry Polak was full of information and reminiscences, and he related to me many interesting incidents from Gandhi's life and work in Africa. I read books about Gandhi in Africa and began to understand the circumstances that led to *Satyagraha*. I also read accounts of the reforms brought about in the conditions of the indigo farm workers in Champaran on Gandhi's return to India. That time spent in Bihar, getting the testimony of eight thousand peasants as he went from village to village, set the stage for his future work among agrarian labourers and the depressed classes throughout the country. The terrorism in Bengal; the Rowlett Act, designed to cope with the revolutionary movement; the Congress response; the imprisonments and the fasts — all fell into clear perspective in the Gandhian pattern of action.

While in India in 1933 and 1934, I saw a good deal of Gandhiji's campaigns and their effect upon the people. For the masses he had become a

saint, a Mahatma, and beloved "Bapu." But for many people in England he was a Western lawyer and an astute politician.

But from my years in India, I recall Gandhiji's joyous companionship with children and I remember that scene at the new well in Kengeri, where I stood quite close to Gandhiji and looked into his eyes and listened to his few simple words, and knew that here was a man who, like the Good Shepherd, would give his life for his sheep. When in January 1948 he met his death at the hand of a Hindu extremist, my Indian editor wrote to me:

> We are overwhelmed with grief and shame. We have killed the greatest man in India's history. Men cannot bear to have a saint in their midst.

STELLA MEAD

Energy Field and *Rita*

The mind is the field.
What determines
the force-patterns
of the field?
The mind
determines the force-patterns
of the field.

The energy
follows the configurations
of the force-patterns
of the field.

Therefore
there is form
in all its varied aspects.
Your body with its beauty
is the proper accomplishment
of your own creative mind.

DANIEL SIMPKINS

BRIAN G. COOPER

George Fox, the Mystic and the Man

[Our old friend, Mr. Brian G. Cooper, numbers among his special research interests Protestantism in the seventeenth century. He gives us a well-documented sketch of George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, who are among those in whom the ethical quality of the Christian tradition shines brightest.—ED.]

GEORGE FOX, founder of the Society of Friends, is probably the greatest spiritual genius England has ever produced. Yet, compared with a John Wesley, he has been neglected, because the great movement he began survives to this day as a comparatively small, albeit distinctive and significant, section of the Christian Church. Fox has also been neglected because he fits no easy categories. A dominant figure in that age *par excellence* of English religious turmoil, the seventeenth century, he yet rejected its major Puritan presuppositions: Predestination; a preoccupation with man's sinfulness; and Biblical literalism. He shared the typical Puritan's overwhelming awareness of the presence of God and the imminent Judgement of the Divine, but held to little Puritan theology. Highly original and creative in his religious world-view, he was something rare and litttle appreciated in the post-medieval English religious experience — a mystic.

Born at Fenny Drayton in Leicestershire, George Fox (1624–91) was the son of devout parents: his father a pious weaver, his mother proud to rank Protestant martyrs among her ancestors. Retaining throughout his life that sweet quality of childlike innocence, he yet possessed as a young boy the sobriety, sensitivity, and sense of deep calling of an adult.

> When I came to eleven years of age I knew pureness and righteousness; for ... the Lord taught me to be faithful in all things, and to act faithfully two ways, viz., inwardly to God and outwardly to man; and to keep to Yea and Nay in all things. For the Lord showed me ... that my words should be few and savoury, seasoned with grace; and that I might not eat and drink to make myself wanton, but for health, using the creatures in their service, as servants in their places, to the glory of Him that created them.[1]

At the age of nineteen, overcome with despair at the immorality and vanity of the world, he laid down his shoemaker's tools, turned his back on institutional religion, and began to wander the English countryside — in search of his true self, of the real God, of his exact mission.

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[1] *Journal* (Bi-centennial edition, 1902) I. 2

> I cried to the Lord, saying, "Why should I be thus, seeing I was never addicted to commit these evils?" And the Lord answered, "That it was needful I should have a sense of all conditions, how else should I speak to all conditions?" and in this I saw the infinite love of God. I saw also, that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the infinite love of God, and I had great openings.[2]

During the 1640s, while civil war raged across England, Fox's strength of personality and central convictions crystallized during his travels and travails. By 1651 he was engaged on itinerant preaching, making his first converts. In 1652 the Society of Friends was founded.

Fox spent the rest of his life travelling and preaching, organizing the converts, writing on the need to reform the social abuses of the day, founding schools, visiting the continent and America. Imprisoned eight times (in consequence of rejecting ecclesiastical institutions) and sometimes subject to violence at his public meetings, Fox's endeavours made a major contribution to the winning of religious toleration in England and its importance in early America. While his mystical visions and psychic powers marked him off from most other religious leaders of his time, Fox was not an other-worldly figure. He was a good organizer. Aware of social evils, such as the cruel prison conditions and wretched treatment of the poor and insane, he campaigned for practical remedies. He recognized that the wasteful wealth of the few inflicted misery upon the many. Few men have so wholesomely united a remarkable practice of the presence of God with concern for the outward affairs of men. William Penn, that other great early Quaker, called him "a discerner of others' spirits, and very much a master of his own" and "the most awful, living, reverent frame I ever felt or beheld."

At various times during his life Fox had deep experiences of spiritual illumination and profound intuitive revelations of the divine presence. In this sense he may be termed a mystic, though as far as we know he did not subject himself to regular spiritual exercises in any attempt to induce mystical experience, nor — with the highly significant exception of his teaching of the "Inner Light" — did he preach the virtues of mysticism. Mystical and psychic experience happened to him, as the invading by the divine of a highly sensitive nature travailing over his own spiritual condition and that of mankind generally.

At the age of twenty-three, during his wanderings, he had numerous

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[2] *Ibid.*, I. 19-20

such moments, as later recalled in his *Journal*. On one occasion, in anguish over the hypocrisy of all religious establishments, his joys and sorrows fused:

> ... my sorrows and troubles began to wear off, and tears of joy dropped from me. ... I saw into that which was without end, and things which cannot be uttered, and of the greatness and infinitude of the love of God, which cannot be expressed by words. For I had been brought through the very ocean of darkness and death, and through and over the power of Satan, by the eternal, glorious power of Christ; even through that darkness was I brought, which covered over all the world, and which chained down all, and shut up all in death. ... Then could I say I had been in spiritual Babylon, Sodom, Egypt, and the grave; but by the eternal power of God I was come out of it ... into the power of Christ. I saw the harvest white, and the seed of God lying thick on the ground, as ever did wheat that was sown outwardly, and none to gather it; for this I mourned with tears.[3]

Fox records his experiences with the authentic ring of Christian mysticism: some of his descriptions put him in the great tradition of Jacob Boehme and the German Illuminists, of Master Eckhart and the Rhineland Mystics. By the age of twenty-four Fox knew himself to be in the new life in God:

> Now was I come up in spirit through the flaming sword, into the paradise of God. All things were new, and all the Creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness, innocency and righteousness, being renewed into the image of God by Christ Jesus, to the state of Adam, which he was in before he fell. The creation was opened to me; and it was showed me how all things had their names given them, according to their nature and virtue. I was at a stand in my mind whether I should practise physic for the good of mankind, seeing the nature and virtues of the creatures were so opened to me by the Lord. But I was immediately taken up in Spirit, to see into another or more steadfast state than Adam's innocency, even into a state in Christ Jesus, that should never fall.[4]

Similarly:

> Great things did the Lord lead me into, and wonderful depths were opened unto me, beyond what can by words be declared, but as people come into subjection to the Spirit of God, and grow up in the image and power of the Almighty, they may receive the word of wisdom that opens all things, and come to know the hidden unity in the Eternal Being.[5]

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[3] *Ibid.*, I. 21
[4] *Ibid.*, I. 28
[5] *Ibid.*, I. 29

From such moments the young George Fox gained that grounding in the certainty of God that was to carry him through many tribulations, be central to his preaching, and be at the heart of the movement he founded.

Fox did not dwell upon the major Protestant categories of sin and damnation, salvation and redemption, so central to Puritan preaching in his age. Rather, he called men away from the sin of selfish preoccupation to the life of light in God, to be lived by following that illumination he believed God had placed in all men. He appealed "to that of God in every man," and exhorted his followers to "sound deep to the witness of God in every man." Thus his religious stand was upon the inward assurance of truth rather than upon a Biblical literalism, so easily reduced to sterility. The seventeenth century drew a firm distinction between the illumination given to Biblical writers and that illumination given to other men: the Friends in effect questioned such a distinction, asserting God could speak directly to every man in every age. The "Inner Light," or "Light of God within" or "Light of Christ within" — Fox and his associates used various terms to describe that *Logos* of the Johannine Gospel — was a principle and presence of God in all his human creatures, whether or not they had read the Bible, and, if heeded, would lead to salvation:

> Now the Lord God opened to me by his invisible power, "that every man was enlightened by the divine light of Christ;" and I saw it shine through all.[6]

Fox's doctrine of the "Inner Light" should not be confused with any pre-Enlightenment rationalism: the divine principle was not an intrinsic part of human nature; it was in man, but not of man; it was to be seen as God's candle within the human lantern. Yet, undoubtedly, Fox's concept of the "Inner Light," with its emphasis on individual access to God, marked an important milestone on the road to Western rationalist individualism.

He had a lofty vision of a society of men conducting themselves and responding to each other in the power of the divine light within:

> Be patterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations wherever you come; that your carriage and life may preach among all sorts of people, and to them; then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one, whereby in them you may be a blessing, and make the witness of God, in them to bless you.[7]

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[6] *Ibid.*, I. 34
[7] *Ibid.*, I. 316

Thus wrote George Fox to fellow Friends from Launceston prison. For him, the Inner Light, before it could guide men in truth, had to show them their evil to be shunned:

> *Wait* upon God in that which is pure. Though you see little, and know little, and have little, and see your Emptiness, and see your Nakedness, and Barrenness, and Unfruitfulness, and see the Hardness of your Hearts, and your own Unworthiness; it is the *Light*, that discovers all this, and the Love of God to you.[8]

This divine love, within each man as if a fragment of the whole, was an eternal unity to which all men living by that divine light could be drawn:

> Whom God loves, he loves to the end; where the Eternal Unity is, there is all Peace, all Clean, no Jar, who are all of one Mind hid from the World's Wisdom, Knowledge, Comprehension, and Thoughts which can never enter.[9]

Thus Fox saw an intimate connection between the Inner Light and "the infinitude which cannot be expressed by words," yet seems not to have commended mystical revelation as an essential part of the religious life for all. For him it was the given of God; it came and went as the blowing of the wind; man was called to follow the Light within, and, if that vision of Light uncreated and infinite broke into human consciousness as a result, this was yet further indication of God's love — but it could not be presumed. Penn remarked of Fox: "He was not striving after exalted states of mind."

Other incidents of a psychic, rather than religious-mystical, nature are recorded.

During his early wanderings prior to spiritual certainty, he encountered a dying man whose deathbed "prophecies and sights" declared Fox to be God's instrument: upon the man's burial, Fox was in a strange trance for a fortnight. At the age of forty-six, he had a profound psychic experience, losing his hearing and sight, yet being able to discern the characters of those who visited him, "who was honest-hearted, and who was not." He had healing powers for himself and others: he cured a deformed boy; in 1655 he restored a dying woman, and, on more than one occasion, having suffered mob violence, felt a refreshing and healing power within:

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[8] *Epistles* (1698), p. 14

[9] *Gospel Truth Demonstrated* (1653), p. 3

> I looked at it [his injured hand] in the love of God and I was in the love of God to them all that had persecuted me.
>
> And after a while the Lord's power sprang through me again and through my hand and arm that in a minute I recovered my hand and arm and strength in the face and sight of them all.[10]

Such incidents may properly be interpreted as other manifestations of that deep sensitivity and intense perception of the divine harmony elsewhere revealed in his mystical experiences. The latter included many visions of mankind in spiritual darkness, and of mankind liberated from its captivity, e.g.:

> I was walking in the fields and many Friends were with me and I bid them dig in the earth: and they did and I went down; and there was a mighty vault top-full of people kept under the earth rocks and stones: and so I bid them break open the earth and let all the people out: and they did and all the people came forth to liberty.[11]

Out of the chaotic religious disintegration of mid-seventeenth-century England several historic movements emerged: Fox's Society of Friends (first known as the Children of the Light) was among the few which survived and became world-wide. When he died, in spite of terrible times of persecution, there were some fifty thousand Friends in England and Ireland, and groups in Holland and the Americas; the utterly simple, non-ecclesiastical, "spiritual democracy" he founded for their organization has stood the test of three centuries. The inner strength he derived from the high moments of mystical perception had lasting consequences.*

BRIAN G. COOPER

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[10] *Journal* (Cambridge edition, 1911), I. 58

[11] *Ibid.*, II. 175

* Books consulted and recommended include :

W. C. BRAITHWAITE : *The Beginnings of Quakerism* (London. 1955)
A. N. BRAYSHAW: *The Personality of George Fox* and *The Quakers* (London. 1938 editions)
E. B. CASTLE : *Approach to Quakerism* (London. 1961)
RUFUS JONES : *The Story of George Fox* (London. 1922)
H. VAN ETTEN : *George Fox and the Quakers* (London and New York. 1959)

P. NAGARAJA RAO

The Meaning of *Dharma* in Hinduism

[With this brief study our old friend, Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao, Tagore Professor at Madras University, continues the consideration of the four objects of life in Hindu tradition. He has in previous months written on *Artha* and *Kāma*. *Dharma* is almost an untranslatable word. Dr. Nagaraja Rao brings out several fundamental aspects with a special reference to the *Mahābhārata*.—ED.]

Fly the flag of Dharma
Sound the conch of Dharma
Pound loud the drum of Dharma
Keep to Dharma, Keep to Dharma

—ASHVAGHOSHA

"A people flourish not because of a constitution or coercion or a Lawgiver but because they are guided by Dharma and help each other in cooperation."

I cry with uplifted arms, none heedeth. From Dharma flows forth profit and pleasure (*artha* and *kāma*) — why then do ye not follow Dharma?

THE GREAT NEED of the hour is faith in God and the supreme moral value, *Dharma*. The survival and well-being of any society depends on those two values. Faith in them is referred to as *āstikya*, affirmation. Without these two there can be no stable foundation for man on earth or societies in civilization.

The concept of *Dharma* is the key to Indian culture and Hindu religion. It is a golden word signifying within its simple confines all the wisdom and experience of centuries of Indian civilization. First and foremost, it is the key to human survival. He who destroys *Dharma* invites self-destruction and he who protects Dharma is protected and preserved. It is the precious pragmatic value for us to work for, and our ignoring it entails peril. Without it we humans will grind to a halt and remain at the level of animals. It is *Dharma* that makes us outgrow our animal nature into truly human existence. Though the concept cannot be defined clearly so as to bring out all its essence, it can be described from a knowledge of its exponents, practicants, and exemplars and their lives, e.g., Śrī-Rāmacandra, Yudhiṣṭhira, Hariścandra, Sītā, Sāvitrī, Damayantī. Our two great epics give us object-lessons in *Dharma*, its necessity, its various forms, its role and function in human society, and the disaster that overtakes us all when we contravene the behests of *Dharma*. India's classical

sages and contemplative seers have educated the masses in the science and the art of *Dharma* through the epics, the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*.

What is *Dharma*? *Bhīṣma* defined it to Yudhiṣṭhira as the capacity to distinguish truth from untruth and to act according to truth. It is a complex concept but its main function is to enable men to live not only at peace with other men but also with themselves. It is absolute in the sense that one's *Dharma* is binding on one. Adherence to one's own *Dharma* (*svadharma*) is the way to God-realization. The *Dharma* of one individual is not the same as that of another. All are not stretched on the same Procrustean bed. Each grows to his best according to his own *svadharma*. But there is a general morality incumbent on all, called the *sādhāraṇa Dharma*, e.g., truth, chastity, not stealing. Society is envisaged after the manner of a flower garden and not a field of turnips or an animal farm. The Hindu scheme of *Dharma* is comprehensive, catholic, and concrete. The highest compliment one can be paid is to be called a *Dharmātmā*. The Tamil proverb on the lips of all is "It is Dharma above, that can help us to hold our heads up."

Today, we are a mass society, mechanical in our ways of life, half-believers, a faithless generation. We have lost our vision beyond the sense world; what we cannot bring under the sway of the senses we declare non-existent. We deny God and along with him *Dharma*; so we live merely from hour to hour and drift to our graves. We have lost our moorings. We see no meaning in life and we are hollow in our minds and dry in our hearts. We make the best of food, sex, and primitive sports. We are indifferent to any plan and purpose in life; so we make the most of one another, huddle together to get a little company, a brief good time when it suits us, or grab what others have and live excited all the time like materialists (*cārvākas*) in the firm belief that death is the end.

Man *minus Dharma* is a most dangerous monster. *Dharma* and faith in it enable us to live a fearless life and lift us from the life of self-centredness. It is *āstikya* that makes us purposive individuals and drives away our false fears and lusts. It is religion and the *Dhārmic* way of life that can make us live full and useful lives and retrieve us from our pitiful preoccupations and craze for vain display. All our political troubles — economic exploitation, student unrest, waves of violence — are the direct results of our abandonment of *Dharma*.

Dharma regulates the other two strivings of man — for wealth and the satisfaction of desires (*artha* and *kāma*). The pursuit of these two needs no special effort. It is our animal heritage and it is the single pursuit of *Dharma* that makes man a value-bearing entity.

Among the great books of the Hindus the *Mahābhārata* occupies a unique place. Its greatness is many-sided. From the point of view of size and the length of the work, it is the biggest. It is not only weighty (*bhāra*) but also sublime (*mahat*). It comprises a lakh of *granthas* (words), running into 18 Books (*parvas*). Ostensibly it is the story of the Kaurava and Pandava clans, but in essence, the heart and the focus of the epic is the description of *Dharma* and its glory and final victory: it is the encyclopedia of Hindu ethics and morals.

The four aspirations of the Hindu faith, *Dharma, Artha, Kāma* and *Mokṣa* (righteousness, possessions, passion, and liberation) are discussed, and their function and interrelation explained. The careers of the characters in the epic illustrate the consequences of the pursuit of the different values. All of them are aware of the significance of *Dharma* as the supreme value of life. The epic says, "Of the four primary ends of life, whatever you find here may be found elsewhere also, but what is not found here cannot be found anywhere" (I. vi. 52). This no mere boast, but is a statement of fact. There are passages embedded in the epic which are spiritual lessons. The foremost of them is the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. There are effective moral treatises, e.g., the *Yakṣapraśna*, the *Viduranīti*, the *Sanat-Sujātīya*. There are the thousand names of the Lord, *Viṣṇu-sahasranāma*. Above all, the teachings of Bhīṣma in the *Śānti* and *Anuśāsana Parvas* encompass the entire field of political and social ethics. It is a treasure-house for the study of *Dharma*. The eternal character, Yudhiṣṭhira, never deviates from *Dharma* at any cost. But what strikes one while reading the epic is the respect every character has for *Dharma*, whatever may be his individual way of life.

Lord Krishna and *Dharma* are identified. Kuntī blesses her son Yudhiṣṭhira with the words, "May your soul dwell on *Dharma* and may your mind be great" (XVI. vii. 2). That which sustains is *Dharma* (VI. xxi. 13-14). Gāndhārī, the mother of Duryodhana, is aware of the power of *Dharma* when she receives her son who comes for her blessings. She says, "Victory to them that have *Dharma* on their side" (IX. lxiii. 62). Karna, when fighting with Yudhiṣṭhira, expresses admiration for him. He says "If only I can purify myself by a touch on the shoulders of this personification of virtue, I will be happy" (VIII. xlv. 52).

There are passages about *Dharma* which are full of meaning. Referring to the pragmatic nature of *Dharma* there is the verse which says, "*Dharma* if nursed and nourished saves and sustains; if it is hurt, it works ruin" (III. iii. 128). Religion and morality are closely connected themes in the *Mahābhārata*. We cannot be religious without being moral.

Towards the conclusion of the poem, there are some verses that are

described as *Bhārata sāvitrī*. This is the lament of Vyāsa with which the epic ends:

> With uplifted hands I cry out; nobody listens. Out of *Dharma* flow possessions and the gratification of desire. Then how is it that men revile *Dharma* and violate it instead of adoring and following it?

When the blind Dhṛtarāṣṭra is told about the catastrophic end of men and the state of his sons, he says "Verily, verily it is impossible to set at nought God's will by human endeavour" (VI. cxxii. 120). Again in one of the concluding verses Vyāsa says:

> *Dharma* should never be discarded, either out of fear or greed or for pleasure, not even for the sake of saving one's life. For *Dharma* is eternal, and the weal and woe that ensue from a contrary course are ephemeral. (XVIII. v. 62)

It is not a mere dry morality such as the Stoics pride themselves upon that is preached in the epic. It is morality inspired by religion. *Bhīṣma* says with great insight, "If you perchance come across what is called self-effort, probe deeper and you will find its roots in divine grace" (VI. cxvii. 13). Vyāsa advises us from his rich experience to do our duty and wait upon God:

> After having churned all the scriptures and after having meditated on them over and over again this is what I have obtained. One should meditate upon the supreme Word for ever and ever. (XIV. ciii. 10)

P. NAGARAJA RAO

> Does a man do thee wrong? Go to and mark what notion of good and evil was his that did the wrong. Once perceive that and thou wilt feel compassion, not surprise or anger. For thou hast still thyself either the same notion of good and evil as he or another not unlike. Thou needst must forgive him then. But if thy notions of good and evil are no longer such, all the more easily shalt thou be gracious to him that sees awry.
>
> —MARCUS AURELIUS

VLADIMIR ZAHRADNIK

There Can't Be Any Improved World Without Wisdom

[We are glad to publish below this brief but deeply felt essay on the need of an integration of departments of human knowledge so that they might yield the efflorescence of wisdom and a balanced culture. The author is Dr. Vladimir Zahradnik, whose doctorate is in philosophy and aesthetics, and who has published articles in these subjects in both Europe and India. —ED.]

IT IS LONG SINCE we have come to realize that there is a steadily widening gap between what our highly developed and sophisticated civilization can achieve and its ability to control these achievements to make human life more spiritual and happier. There is an ever-growing imbalance, affecting practically every sphere of human life, and it threatens to assume, in a not so distant future, ominous proportions.

Threatened is the balance of development in the most sensitive area — the arts — by bold advances of modernism and abstractionism. Disproportionate and strongly unbalanced in all its appearances is the whole of modern culture, lacking the meaningful unity which characterized cultures of precedent ages and eras.

Devoid of meaningful unity, modern culture fails to perform its formative role, to exercise a formative influence on human society. Formative influence does not work, of course, through the rough and tumble of everyday cultural events but through the values culture is supposed to produce in a self-controlled selective process. But can this selective process take place in the absence of unifying viewpoints?

Growing imbalance is automotive and whatever we do in sciences and technology only contributes to further complications. This is because all modern knowledge seems to slide over the surface in a labyrinth, lacking the sense of purpose and deeper understanding. Whereas physically we live in a world of three dimensions, spiritually we are starved by living in an imperfect world in which knowledge and information are generated and spread so quickly that they do not have time to strike roots and provide for the spiritual dimension — the depth.

As knowledge and information are developed in one line there is a steadily increasing pressure within science and technology to communicate and spread acquired knowledge and information to the vast area of other branches, in each of which these data must undergo a transformation, a qualitative change, to match the pattern of the respective science.

The pressure to communicate data and information comes as the response of the sciences to urgent demands of technology and technological advancement, under the impact of which our technically-oriented civilization needs the concerted efforts of all sciences to satisfy its insatiable requirements, growing higher and higher.

Having been interlinked by communicative channels, sciences have exposed their boundaries to mounting erosions, so that one science is increasingly dependent upon the other, whereas earlier sciences flourished comfortably within their own boundaries and without paying much heed to what was going on around.

As our civilization, however, not only needs efforts on the part of the sciences but *concerted* efforts, there should be some co-ordinating force. This force can be served to none of them from among the fellow sciences, because none of them is capable of giving sense and meaning to the civilization of which the sciences as a whole are an inseparable part.

This sense and meaning is the third dimension — the depth — our civilization needs in order to avoid being plunged into the obscurity of a robot age.

But from where can sense and meaning come? They may come from and by wisdom. Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan once said that in our present world wisdom appears to be more important than knowledge. Nothing is truer than this; for knowledge without taking counsel of wisdom swells inordinately like an organism which due to some disease or deficiency grows asymmetric. On the other hand, wisdom without knowledge is empty talk which does not appeal to the mind of a generation gone information-mad. If wisdom should be based on knowledge and grow upon it naturally, in an organic way as a tree from soil, where could it be learnt from? Some say from philosophy, others from religion.

Philosophy could be an ideal source of wisdom. All sciences had once originated and been derived from her. Earlier she was looked upon as the Queen, "the science of sciences," being adjudged the role of co-ordinating them. It was not by chance that for the Greeks *sophia* (according to the Greek etymology, *philosophia*=love of wisdom) implied both wisdom and knowledge, which were not separated. Scientific knowledge was then in its prime, did not grow so fast, and could therefore be easily controlled by moral judgements. Wisdom was considered by them a synthesis of knowledge, experience, and ethical judgement, implying prudence and a sense of proportion; and that is, I think, a classic conception of wisdom. Later, as knowledge and experience grew, they ceased to be controllable by moral judgement and thus knowledge started separating itself from wisdom. Philosophy reacted in the nineteenth century, when the separa-

tion of knowledge from wisdom seemed to have reached its culmination, by swapping her love of wisdom for a fashionable sort of Pandora's box out of which she was letting out timely but dubious counsels betraying wisdom. Broadly, these counsels were either one-sidedly science-oriented, i.e., confining themselves more or less to the supply of methodology (the ways in which to proceed with scientific research on objective reality) or they denounced the merits of science or rationalization in general by preaching various degrees of agnosticism and intuitionism. Hence the older philosophies can be better teachers of wisdom than the modern ones.

Besides philosophy there is another potential source of wisdom: religion. Great religions are in themselves very rich and powerful sources of wisdom. They are not based on knowledge gained by scientific inquiry as philosophy is, and not so much even on the actual experience of life, but mostly on the conception of life as arrived at by meditation or an ethical conception of life, i.e. life as it should be. There are of course various degrees; one religion differs from another in the extent to which it draws on practical life-experience. Generally we can say that the younger the religion, the more it draws on it. At the same time, we can hold that the younger it is, the less it contains of philosophy, of an integrated view of life, of wisdom, and is rather a set of rules, a code of conduct. We may well illustrate by comparing, for example, Buddhism with Islam. Still, it remains debatable whether wisdom is a historical category subject to changes or whether it is constant, unchallenged by the ravages of time.

The teachings of great religions have never ceased to appeal to humanity, and have been always ready to shape its moral attitudes and ethical views. As the religions are historically rooted in the time when life was much simpler, the modern man of a sophisticated age can take over from them the basis and general attitudes reflecting the eternal polarity of life and death, good and evil, moral and corrupt. These basic attitudes represent the fundamentals of our human existence. They preach humility, modesty, reduction in wants, to save civilization. But the machinery of civilization is mercilessly grinding on, not allowing for retreat and leaving behind an incurably restless human mind.

The agitated mind of modern man can have recourse to religion in the sphere of primary ethical attitudes, which are a component part of the modern man's composite view of life reflecting all complexities and contradictions of the atomic century. The excesses of civilization should be tempered by wisdom. Wisdom can be learnt from both philosophy and religion. It must be founded on information, on the knowledge of facts, which wisdom cannot permit to accumulate one upon the other without

an arrangement according to some inner order inspired from within the individual. Wisdom can be learnt from outside experience but the real inspiration for it lies in ourselves.

To become wise the experience and knowledge from outside must go through the filters of both our heart and brain, must be given shape in a mould which we must design for ourselves, taking the advice of philosophy and religion.

To become wisdom experience and knowledge from outside must go sonality, and especially our efforts towards self-improvement and self-realization. But these cannot be achieved without altruism, because Man is not and cannot be an isolated individual. He can realize and improve himself only in co-operation, in affection and consideration for the fellow travellers in this world. And that perhaps is why one cannot be wise without loving others.

VLADIMIR ZAHRADNIK

Live unto the dignity of thy nature, and leave it not disputable at last, whether thou hast been a man. Desert not thy title to a Divine particle and union with invisibles. Let true knowledge and virtue tell the lower world thou art a part of the higher. Let thy thoughts be of things which have not entered into the hearts of beasts; think of things long past, and long to come; acquaint thy self with the dancing-places of the stars, and consider the vast expansion beyond them. Ascend unto invisibles; fill thy spirit with spirituals, with the mysteries of faith, the wonders of religion, and thy life with the Honour of God; without which, though giants in wealth and dignity, we are but dwarfs and pygmies in humanity, and may hold a pitiful rank in that triple division of mankind into heroes, men and beasts. For though human souls are said to be equal, yet is there no small inequality in their operations; some maintain the allowable station of men; many are far below it; and some have been so divine, as to approach the pinnacle of their natures, and to be in the dwelling-place of Spirits.

—SIR THOMAS BROWNE

ALUN LLEWELLYN

The Scheme of Days

[Once again our old friend, Mr. Alun Llewellyn, bases his contribution on the Ancient Books of Wales. His explanation requires close following, but if so followed it will reward the effort and set in perspective the long passage which he has translated into plain, strong free verse.—ED.]

AMONG the texts collectively known as the Ancient Books of Wales, one, with the opening words "*Pa Gur Yu Y Porthaur*" (*Black Book of Carmarthen,* Fol. 47b) is of curious interest. It had the distinction of providing a basis for part of the well-known "Arthurian" romance of Kulhwch and Olwen in the Mabinogian Tales, often accepted as the oldest of them and belonging to a ninth-century context. This date would make it contemporary with the existing version of the chronicle of Nennius, recognized as a highly garbled account, which contains the earliest recorded mention of Arthur as a figure in history. It is worth note that Arthur, according to Nennius, is no King but simply a Soldier (*Miles*), who in that title repeats the designation of the lowest but two of the Mithraic military grades of the late Roman Empire. In the Kulhwch tale, however, he appears as a King of many oddly legendary followers and has a Porter at his gate (*porthwr*) who gives a recital of service with "Alexander" in "India." These references derive from the related *Book of Taliesin,* particularly Fol. 5. In this Book, "*alexander,*" the sense of which in Greek was that of a guider of men, is applied to the Pole Star and what in the text is clearly "*indra*" (though written with a medieval sign for *r* easily mistaken by later eyes for an *i*), refers to it again as the inner point on which the passage of the sun turns.

Following medieval guesses of this kind, the text under consideration has been read, notably by Sir John Rhys (1906), as a confusedly inextricable legend in which "the noble Kei," otherwise the Sir Kay of the Round Table, goes to Anglesey to kill lions and has some unexplained encounter with a Cat belonging to a Witch (*Cath Paluc*) who devours 180 objects (untranslatable) and had some similar relation with another 180 objects.

Rhys's translation and the original text run:

> Nine score ???? used to fall for her food.
> Nine score leaders ...
> (*Nau ugein kinlluc acuyt ei ynybuyd.*
> *Nau ugein kinran* ...)

Kinlluc has in modern Welsh close parallels in *cyn* (conjoint) and *lluch* which is used for what is gleaming and among other forms takes *lluched* for lightning. Similarly, *kinran* is paralleled by *cyn* and *rhan* (a

division). The two phrases which conclude the original essay mark the distinction between 180 "conjoint lights" and 180 "conjoint divisions." Any modern protractor makes it clear that the upper hemisphere of Day during the Equinoxes, containing 180°, leaves a further 180°, or divisions, for the 12 hours of Night at the same time of year.

This important subject of early scientific study, which originated the idea of the cardinal points of due East and due West, established their partnership with the concept of due North (the Pole Star) and the South (the sun at Noon). For the latter, the Romano-Etruscan name was *Catha*. *Cath* in the Ancient Books is invariably used for the separate Heaven of the Sun. The *Paluc* is a parallel with the *Pagur* opening the essay, the first meaning the birth of the solar system from the light of the sphered Firmament; the latter, its birth from the curve of the Stars. The essay as a whole is concerned with the basic concept of the Cross which bore all Creation in a mathematically exact design, set upon the four Cardinal Points. *Kei* is the vitality of Land and Sea, or Earth itself, expressed in the Sun, the Greek *K* being used to indicate the moving force (*kineo*), *Kei* being therefore distinct in meaning from *Cei*, the sphering of Earth in the proto-cosmos, and *Gei*, its form for the neo-cosmos. "Bedivere," Sir Kay's romantic companion, as *Beduir* means the containment of Land within Ocean; as *Bedwyr*, the containment of Ocean within the horizon of the Universe. The originative phrase, *Petuir*, and the allied form *Petuar*, etc., gave modern Welsh the *Pedwar* which means "four" — the principle of the Cross of the Four Quarters.

Although the medieval distortion of the inspiration of this early post-Classical essay is a fascinating study in itself, the minds which framed it in the first place would have found the intrusion of witches, cats, and lions wholly blasphemous. The *Porthaur* has only an accidental resemblance to the Welsh version of the English *Porter*. It means the birth of the solar system from the heaven of Eternity and it is preceded by the adjectival YUY which specifically denotes the presence of God.

As with the rest of the existing texts of the Ancient Books, the "*Pa Gur ...*" is a later copy of a much earlier original.

The Scheme of Days

The Sun's circuit, born from the arch of stars
conceived by Creation to make the system of days,
circles the World with a fetter of sunlight.
The circuit of planets,
under the arc of night that pivots about the Pole,
enclosed the life of men beneath the skies of sun,
girdling them with the rim of Time.

The compact Whole that is the Universe
makes night a rounded dome
and sets Earth in the squared frame of Eternity,
the quarters of Time and Space,
the equal sectors of the heavens.

Earth, aligned under the eight points
of the structured Cosmos,
measures the movements of light, of sun and stars,
concerted in Time's system.

The solar scheme mobilizes the rhythms of eternity;
its sphered construction, shaped by the Firmament
in a defined tract within finite Space,
fathered Earth's being,
this gathered coherence of land and sea
shed from the planets that rose from immortal Night.

So is the life of man below the stars
born from the first motive of all things
and so the sphere of Earth lives bounded
by the scheme of days patterned
in its own structured skies.

It is the inward projection of the strength of Sun
that flamed from the light of Creation
to be the consummation
of the ranged and circling Firmament.
The sphere of Time that's poised among the planets
contracts its coil of wheeling light
where the succession of the sunsets walks
the edge of Ocean
in the march and countermarch of measured months
(between the alternating boundaries of the solstice swing).

The axled cycle through which Sun and planets
wing above Earth
concentrates the numbered timing of the Firmament
and fashions for Earth, within the expanse of Night
the minuted divisions of the days;
it is the sphere that realizes the first concept of Time
through the moving orbits that surround the Earth.

The energy of Earth, which is the Sun,
marshals within the width of the World of planets
the principle by which Night prepared its motion
and set as rim around the sea
the track of disciplined light that turns
under the balanced form of Eternity.

The sector of the Sun draws from the sphere of Night
the living hours of Earth
and catches the wheeling stars into the hours' progression,
the stars that are the planets and that make together
a corporate company above Earth.

The pivot of the Pole rings Ocean within the framed heavens
and nets it in the series of settled spheres
that stretches from our shores to the outermost stars,
our shores under the orb of skies
crossed by the arched day
and the vault of constellations.

Sphere of the Sun, originator
of the life on Earth it circumscribes,
link between the seas' limits
and the structure of endless Time:
we on Earth are the inmost form of Being,
we under the Sun that is clasped by the heavens,
the Sun that circles our life;
we under the roof of air that is

the narrowest circuit of the procession of stars
spiralled about the Night from which
the reined planets shaped the quartered Earth
from their own quartered scheme.

The World of planets that spreads about the Earth
is the inner margin of the wheel of the Universe
and under its animate motion lies the limit
of human existence.

The circle of living Creation
is bound by the solar system;
the enclosed skies of Earth
were created from the Night through the sphering of the Sun;
the first moulding of that Sphere from the Firmament
had the issue of Earth implicit in it.
Ocean enclosed itself therein
and the shores of Land formed their own inner frontier
from out the waters.

So the stages of Creation, previsioning the Earth,
established the globed World, purposing
that the circled hours shining in the centred planets
should move under the heavens.

The quartered Earth was first designed
by the lawed lines of the Sun,
the Sun that with its own ruled movements quarters

and confirms the ninefold system of Creation,
quickening the life of Earth and yoking it
(to the Cardinal points)
as Creation itself ordained in its inception.

The stars of Earth, surrounding it with movement,
compass its equal hours with the order of dawns,
for the line of the Meridian regulates
the measure of moving light in level sequence;
it is the burning line of Earth's energy
set between the Firmament and man.

The shaping of Ocean's boundaries
was the last outcome of the cycle of Night
in which Being was first imagined,
the last result of the momentum of the constellations
resolving itself into the design of Earth.
The wheel of the Firmament threw off
the skies cupped over man;
the burning Night concentrated itself
into the stretch of days.

The risen Sun was purposed by Creation
so to devise Earth;
Eternity, planning the limits that control the Sun
within the spread of stars,
planned them with Earth in mind,
a four-square architecture in time and space
set against the circumference of the constellations.

So was the tract of Sun enclosed
as the master-plan for Earth,
the orbit of planets beneath the stars
marking the frontier of man's life.

This living Earth is Creation's final work
for which the World, roofed by the Firmament
and held in the grasp of Night, was made.
Creation's course moved to that vital shape
through the rhythmic sequence of the shifting seasons.
Earth's order grasps the range of light
marked by the Sun's movements
and makes it concrete,
winding the width of Time
into the closured repetition of the years.

This is the focal summary of Eternity's first sphering,
this seried system of the Sun,
this quadrate structure of the heavens' strict regulation.

Earth, stretched under the Sun,
is the central circuit of the ninefold Universe.
Earth, the inner principle of the World's advent,
shapes immortal Time into a planned system of days
fulfilling Creation's concentration
from the wide current of the constellations
into the catchment of the channelled Noons.
The track of the Meridian defines the realized Universe
and traces a line between the Night and Ocean,
Ocean, which is the floor for the wall of stars.

One hundred and eighty are the compacted divisions
of light and time
joined in Earth's inner circuit of the rhythms of Being;
(the twelve hours of the equinoctial day).
One hundred and eighty are the coherent degrees
of darkness and space,
(the twelve hours of equinoctial night).

Although the last sentence of the essay has been lost, it is rather more than probable that the *Annuyd* used a little earlier was meant to follow and contrast with the *Ynybuyd* of the previous line. This *Annuyd* has retained in modern Welsh the meaning of cold and chillness, though it meant for the Ancient Books the dark lower hemisphere of the Universe from which the sun and its attendant planets first rose. It is interesting to add that the essay follows Plato completely in the belief that the Creator, having himself designed the Night and the Stars, delegated to the sphere of the Sun the task of fashioning the Earth.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

It is only through the manifestations of Being, and only through those with which I enter into relations, that my being has any intercourse with infinite Being. The devotion of my being to infinite Being means devotion of my being to all the manifestations of Being which need my devotion, and to which I am able to devote myself.

—ALBERT SCHWEITZER

S. VISWANATHAN

The Hymns of Sir William Jones

[We print below the second and concluding part of Shri S. Viswanathan's study of Sir William Jones's Hymns.—ED.]

II

THE POEM ON THE SUN-GOD "A Hymn to Surya" begins with a tribute to the sun as the primal source of energy in the universe.

> Fountain of living light,
> That o'er all nature streams,
> Of this vast microcosm both nerve and soul
> Whose swift and subtil beams,
> Eluding mortal sight,
> Pervade, attract, sustain th'effulgent whole,
> Unite, impel, dilate, calcine,
> Give to gold its weight and blaze,
> Dart from the diamond many-tinted rays,
> Condense, protrude, transform, concoct, refine
> The sparkling daughters of the mine;
> Lord of the lotos, father, friend and king,
> O Sun, thy pow'rs I sing.

Jones's delineation of the Hindu myth relating to the eclipse of the sun, of the fight between Surya and Rahu, the planetary demon in the form of a snake, is graphic. An impression of fervently felt admiration, a sense of the sun as the primeval principle of energy and power, and a general imagistic effect of splendour, light, and colour are attained despite the characteristic late-eighteenth-century mannerisms of apostrophes, Miltonics, the roll-call of names (ubiquitous in Jones). Jones stoops to truth from myth and moralizes his song at the close of the poem; for he is eager to go beyond what might otherwise appear as pagan sun-worship or nature-worship and to assert that the sun is governed by the first cause, the Eternal Mind.

> How far more glorious He, who said, serene,
> Be, and thou wast — Himself unform'd, unchang'd, unseen!

Indeed, it is a never-failing sense, everywhere in evidence in the Hymns, of an all-pervading, invisible principle of power and energy informing the active universe, a consciousness of a supernal order of reality, which would link Jones with the Romantics like Wordsworth and Shelley and would make him out to be more of a pre-Romantic than most

late-eighteenth-century poets who are customarily deemed to be representative of the transition from Augustan to Romantic.

"A Hymn to Lacshmi," allied to the song to Bhavani, celebrates Lakshmi, the goddess of plenty and prosperity. After a description of the rise of Lakshmi from the ocean, her union with Vishnu, and her manifestation as the consort of Krishna in that *avatār* of Vishnu, are referred to. The second half of the poem is given over to the story of Sudama or Kuchela. The penultimate stanza is a vivid picture of famine and floods which are likely to result if the goddess's displeasure is incurred.

> But, when his vices rank thy frown excite,
> Excessive show'rs the plains and vallies drench,
> Or warping insects heath and coppice blight,
> Or drought unceasing, which no stream can quench,
> The germin shrivels, or contracts the shoot,
> Or burns the wasted root;
> Then fade the groves with gather'd crust imbrown'd,
> The hills lie gasping, and the woods are mute,
> Low sink the riv'lets from the yawning ground;
> Till Famine gaunt her screaming pack lets slip,
> And shakes her scorpion whip;
> Dire forms of death spread havoc, as she flies,
> Pain at her skirts and Mis'ry by her side,
> And jabb'ring spectres o'er her traces glide;
> The mother clasps her babe, with livid eyes,
> Then, faintly shrieking, dies;
> He droops expiring, or but lives to feel
> The vultures lick'ring for their horrid meal.

Such a true realization of the horrifying effects of drought and starvation occurs in a poem accentuating the glorious foison spread by the goddess Lakshmi. This is but one instance which goes to show how refreshingly free from naivety Jones usually is, and how he has an ironic awareness of opposite aspects of the same situation.[9] One can without difficulty allow for the patronizing plea in the last stanza for the protection and right leading of the Hindus.

"A Hymn to Narayana" is likely to be the least unfamiliar to the general reader among the Hymns. The poem shares with the Camdeo hymn the pride of place in point of poetic quality among the Hymns.

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[9] Holloway's remark may be quoted:

"Speaking more generally of these *Hymns*, sensuous luxuriance of the colourful and extravagant kind goes also in them with an impression of rich darkness, and of the monstrous and grotesque, that shows Jones's full awareness of ... the extra, emotional dimension, as it were, of the Hindu." (*Widening Horizons ...*, p. 67)

The idea of Narayana as the "Supreme Being," as the universal, creative principle permeating itself as the energy, as the Infinite Being who is both transcendent and immanent, is enounced in the first stanza.

Spirit of Spirits! who through ev'ry part
Of space expanded and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of lab'ring thought sublime,
Bad'st uproar into beauteous order start,
Before Heav'n was, thou art:
Ere spheres beneath us roll'd, or spheres above,
Ere Earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou sat'st alone: till through thy mystic love,
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung.
What first impell'd thee to exert thy might?
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
Thy pow'r directed? Wisdom without bound.
What prov'd it first? Oh! guide my fancy right;
Oh! raise from cumb'rous ground
My soul in rapture drown'd,
That fearless it may soar on wings of fire;
For thou, who only know'st, thou only canst inspire.

In the second stanza the Hindu Advaitic notion of creation as inspired by the principle of *Māyā* (or illusion) is employed. But the Advaitic notion of *Māyā* is in the same breath mingled with the Vishishtadvaitic notion according to which, in effect, God by creating the elements, the objects of nature, and the various forms of life diversifies His unity by manifesting his other self (*alter ego*) in His creation, so that man might reach Him through the analogy of nature and life in its various forms.

Primeval Maya was the goddess nam'd,
Who to her sire, with love divine inflam'd,
A casket gave with rich ideas fill'd,
From which this gorgeous universe he fram'd;
For when th'Almighty will'd
Unnumber'd worlds to build
From unity diversified he sprang
While gay creation laugh'd, and procreant nature rang.

Such ideas as the Great Flood of Creation and the word that was God becoming flesh — these occur in Hindu myth too — find expression in the third and fourth stanzas; while the various names of Narayana are chanted in the fifth. In the seventh, and in the first half of the eighth, stanza the "Omniscient Spirit" is shown as activating, "inspiriting" every object of nature and the elements. The imagery of light and sensuous

suggestion are sustained in this part of the poem. At the end of the poem, the poet returns upon himself and closes the poem with a rejection of the illusion of creation and an affirmation of faith in the One in preference to the Many.

"A Hymn to Saraswaty" in praise of the goddess of learning, of speech, and of music is a *tour de force* in which the poet visualizes the goddess mainly as the originator of music and speech. The better part of the poem consists of a pictorial outline of the *Rāga* system, a unique feature of the tradition of Indian music, of which Jones as a Westerner shows a pioneering understanding. The pictures of individual *rāgas,* which are strung together in the poem, are inspried by the *Rāga-Rāgiṇī* paintings which Jones must have looked at, so that we have here a good instance of a poem inspired by a set of paintings.

"A Hymn to Ganga" is a Draytonian piece in the sense that somewhat as Drayton celebrates the rivers of England by depicting their course and the legends about them in his "Polyalbion," Jones, in this poem, eulogizes the glory and grace of the greatest and the holiest of Indian rivers, Ganga, and Ganga's associate the Brahmaputra. The chequer'd course of the river is traced, its tributaries and their features are outlined, and the myths of its origin are embodied in the poem. The geographical and historical interest of the regions along the course of the river is dwelt upon in a series of vivid vignettes, which furnish an opportunity for the poet to make admiring mention of features of Indian culture and civilization. Variations of pace and rhythm which suggest the changing flow and shifting course of the river are introduced with consummate skill.

Starting off with a reference to the fact that the life-giving waters of the river spread plenty over its valley, the "I" in the poem, a *persona* for the poet in the form of a Brahmin "in an early age of Hindu antiquity," uses the near-Homeric simile of an eagle brooding over its eyrie to show how the river throws its fostering arms over a vast territory. The myth of the origin and source of the river from Shiva's head is sketched in a few lines:

> Above the stretch of mortal ken,
> On bless'd Cailasa's top, where ev'ry stem
> Glow'd with a vegetable gem,
> Mahesa stood, the dread and joy of men;
> While Parvati, to gain a boon,
> Fix'd on his locks a beamy moon,
> And hid his frontal eye, in jocund play,
> With reluctant sweet delay:
> All nature straight was lock'd in dim eclipse
> Till Brahmans pure with hallow'd lips

And warbled pray'rs restor'd the day;
When Ganga from his brow by heav'nly fingers press'd
Sprang radiant, and descending grac'd the caverns of the west.

So also is sketched the origin of Brahmaputra the river-god who is mythicized as the lover of the river-goddess Ganga. How the Western mountains of the Himalayan range came between the lovers, and how Ganga, repulsed by these rocks, changed her course, cursing them to be wasteland, are then depicted. The course and legends of the tributaries of the Ganga and the confluence of these with the Ganga are then vividly portrayed. Then historical associations of the cities on the banks of the river are recalled. Finally, the union of the lovers Ganga and Brahmaputra is depicted, and the poem comes to a close with a prayer and blessing.

Reminiscences of the Hymns abound in the Romantic poets, and these have been traced.[10] The significance of such echoes of Jones in the Romantics lies in the affinity of Jones's poetry with theirs. No wonder the Romantics like Shelley felt at home in the poetry of Jones. A few instances of reminiscences of the Hymns, in addition to those which have been already pointed out, to be found in the poems of the Romantics can be adduced here. Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" carries as many echoes of "A Hymn to Surya" as those of "A Hymn to Narayana."[11]

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[10] E. KOEPPEL: "Shelley's 'Queen Mab' and Sir William Jones," *Englische Studien*, XXVIII (1900), pp. 46-48
KENNETH NEILL CAMERON: *The Young Shelley*, pp. 244 and 391
R. E. HEWITT: "Harmonious Jones" in *Essays and Studies* (1942), pp. 57-58
VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO: "Sir William Jones and English Literature" in the *Bulletin of the School of Oriental and African Studies* (1946), pp. 693-4
JOHN HOLLOWAY: *Widening Horizons ...*, pp. 64-67
A. J. ARBERRY: "The Founder: William Jones" in *Oriental Essays*, p. 82
GARLAND CANNON in the article cited above points out instances. Particularly he sees "A Hymn to Ganga" behind Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" (pp. 55-56).

[11] Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form ..
— "A Hymn to Intellectual Beauty"

Fountain of living light,
That o'er all nature streams
Of this vast microcosm both nerve and soul;
. . .
Give to gold its weight and blaze,
Dart from the diamond meny-tinted rays.— "A Hymn to Surya"

There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the fat level grass and nodding flowers. — Shelleys's "The Sunset"

The horizontal globe of molten gold,
Which pearl'd and rubied clouds infold.
It sinks; and myriads of diffusive dyes
Stream o'er the tissued skies. — "A Hymn to Surya"

"The Cloud" and "Ode to the West Wind" enshrine Shelley's memories of phrases from "A Hymn to Lacshmi" and "A Hymn to Ganga."[12] The description of "the Lady, wonder of her kind" in "The Sensitive Plant" would seem to owe something to the description of Lakshmi born on the sea and emerging from the sea.[13] The sensuousness of imagery and of apprehension in the Hymns is precursory of such a quality in the Romantics. More than actual verbal echoes, the idea of an all-pervading, "inspiriting" power, which informs the Hymns of Jones and the poems of Wordsworth and Shelley, and the sense of dynamic movement and the tone of fervent utterance, the "Romantic assertion," which are to be found in both Jones and Shelley, are the central links.

In his prose essay entitled "On the Arts, commonly called imitative" (1772) we have the first enunciation of views which add up to something like the Romantic theory of poetry and the first striking departure, barring Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition,* from the neo-classical

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[12] I am the daughter of Earth and Water.

— "The Cloud"

Daughter of ocean and primeval night.

— "A Hymn to Lacshmi"

And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day.

— "Ode to the West Wind"

. . . on her banks divine
Sees temples, groves, and glitt'ring tow'rs, that in her crystal shine.

— "A Hymn to Ganga"

[13] a ruling Grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.
A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the oceans.

— "The Sensitive Plant"

Then sole, but not forlorn,
Shipp'd in a flower, that balmy sweets exhal'd,
O'er waves of dulcet cream Podamalc sail'd.
So name the goddess from her lotos blue,
Or Camala, if more auspicious deem'd:
With many-petal'd wings the blossom flew

. . .

Bright with unvalued store
Of gems marine by mirthful Indra won.

— "A Hymn to Lacsmi"

conception, especially that of "imitation."[14] The speculations are original and bold; at times, besides anticipating the Romantic theory of poetry, these would seem to point forward to modern non-representational theories of poetry and of the arts, and to the modern emphasis on the role of negative emotions in poetry. The following quotations from the essay mentioned speak for themselves:

> It shall be my endeavour in this paper to prove, that, though poetry and music have, certainly, a power of imitating the manners of men, and several objects in nature, yet, that their greatest effect is not produced by imitation, but by a very different principle; which must be sought for in the deepest recesses of the human mind. (CHALMERS, p. 508)
>
> ... some vehement passion is expressed in strong words, exactly measured and pronounced, in a common voice, in just cadence, and with proper accents, such an expression of the passion will be genuine poetry. (p. 509)
>
> If the arguments, used in this essay, have any weight, it will appear, that the finest parts of poetry, music, and painting, are expressive of the passions, and operate on our minds by sympathy; that the inferior parts of them are descriptive of natural objects, and affect us chiefly by substitution; that the expressions of love, pity, desire, and the tender passions, as well as the descriptions of objects that delight the senses, produce in the arts what we call the beautiful; but that hate, anger, fear, and the terrible passions, as well as objects, which are unpleasing to the senses, are productive of the sublime, when they are aptly expressed, or described. (p. 511)
>
> I am persuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them happily in his native tongue. (p. 442)

Instead of docketing the Hymns away as pioneering specimens of Anglo-Indian literature, as at present, it is high time that we recognized their place and influence in English literature.

Though the Romantics and other readers of Jones might have been drawn to the poetry of Jones because of the fascination of the exotic and of the merely outlandish in Eastern religion, myth, and culture, we should not suppose that Jones's "Eastern" poetry, especially the Indian Hymns, could be explained away as belonging to the eighteenth-century vogue for Gothicism or the amateurish fashion for the Persian and the Eastern or rather for the pseudo-Oriental. The fact is that Indian material in the eye of Jones, because of his mastery of it, ceases to be merely exotic: his professed and practised aim is to assimilate the new area of his explora-

[14] Professor Pinto in his article comments on "the freshness and originality of Jones's outlook on aesthetic questions" (p. 689), and expresses surprise "that this contribution to aesthetic theory has not been noticed by modern writers on the subject" (p. 690). He adds that "it anticipates (probably influenced) the views of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, and it foreshadows the teaching of Benedetto Croce" (690). René Wellek in his *The Rise of Literary History* notices the boldness of the speculations of Jones (pp. 71, 130)

tion and discovery to *English* poetry, not merely to exploit the element of the unfamiliar in it.

> I cannot but think that our European Poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same images, and incessant allusions to the same fables; and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth, "That, if the principal writings of the Asiatics, which are reposited in our public libraries, were printed with the usual advantage of notes and illustrations ... *a new and ample field would be open for speculation*; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind, *we should be furnished with a new set of images and similitudes*, and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain, and future poets might imitate. (CHALMERS, p. 508)

Apart from his sympathetic penetration into Hindu myth and legend, and the refreshing freedom from condescension in his tone, which are singularly remarkable in themselves, we should not miss the significance of the whole direction of Jones's new experiment, namely the attempt to win new areas of myth for poetic exploitation (not different in kind from what Eliot did in *The Waste Land*). This kind of effort on the part of Jones could not be followed up by those who came after him. For obvious reasons of geographical and cultural remoteness and lack of cultural relationships and moorings, the myths of the Hindu pantheon could hardly lend themselves to significant exploitation at the hands of English poets in the manner of Teutonic or Graeco-Roman myths, and the territory could not be annexed to English poetry. The nineteenth-century English poet in general is seen relying occasionally on the exotic appeal of Indian properties, but nothing like an assimilation of Indian material is seen taking place. But it may not be too much to claim that the mythopoeic tendency in Jones's poetry is a forerunner of the myth-making trend in the poetry of Keats and Shelley.

S. VISWANATHAN

Circle in point, blossom in seedling lies;
Those who seek God within the world are wise.

—ANGELUS SILESIUS

KEWAL KRISHAN MITTAL

Being and Suffering

Understanding the Noble Truths of the Buddha

[We welcome to our pages Shri Kewal Krishan Mittal, Reader in Buddhist Philosophy, University of Delhi. In this brief contribution he examines closely one aspect of the relation between being and suffering, as it is involved in the first Noble Truth of the Buddha's teaching. Shri Mittal suggests that liability to suffering was a truth of experience formulated by the Buddha, not a matter of logical implication only made explicit from the meaning of "being."—ED.]

GAUTAMA THE BUDDHA propounded as the first and foremost Noble Truth about human existence that it is full of suffering. He is reported to have said:

> Now, this is the noble truth concerning suffering. Birth is painful, decay is painful, disease is painful, death is painful, union with the unpleasant is painful; painful is the separation from the pleasant, and any craving that is unsatisfied, that too is painful. In brief, the five aggregates (body, feeling, perception, will, and reason) which spring from attachment are painful.[1]

These words of the Buddha, together with the two other statements, namely "all is suffering" (*Sarvam Duhkham*) and "all is transient" (*Sarvam Anityam*), attributed to him, lead us to think that according to him "to be is to suffer."

This is not only the impression that we get but also one that seems to have been shared by the sage Nagasena, the celebrated spokesman of early Buddhism in the famous Buddhist work *Milindapañha* (The Questions of King Milinda). The same is confirmed when, having in mind Buddha's identification of suffering with "decay and death" (*jarāmaraṇa*), we read in the work just mentioned:

> There are three things, O King, which you cannot find in the world. That which, whether conscious or unconscious, is not subject to decay and death, that you will not find. That quality of anything (organic or inorganic) which is not impermanent, that you will not find. And in the highest sense there is no such thing as being possessed of being.[2]

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[1] *Foundation of Kingdom of Righteousness* p. 5; quoted by S. RADHAKRISHNAN: *Indian Philosophy*, I. 362

[2] *The Questions of King Milinda*, IV. VII. 12; See also *Bhikkhunisamyutta*; *Dhammapada* 47-48; and OLDENBERG: *Buddha*, pp. 218-19—quoted by S. RADHAKRISHNAN, *op. cit.*, p. 366

A clear implication of this statement is that being is characterized by non-being or decay and death.

The inevitability of death is a truth which we all acknowledge. We even measure surety or certainty in terms of death when we use a phrase like "sure as death." No-one has ever doubted the wisdom of statements like this one from the *Dhammapada*:

> Not in the sky nor in the depths of the ocean, nor having entered the caverns of the mountain, nay such a place is not to be found in the world where a man might dwell without being overpowered by death."[3]

Yet men of religion from ancient Vedic times to our own have sung prayers like "Lead me from mortality to immortality" (*Mṛtyor mā amṛtam gamaya*), along with "Lead me from untruth to truth" (*Asato mā sad gamaya*) and "Lead me from darkness to light" (*Tamaso mā jyotir gamaya*), and sought the quelling of the three kinds of suffering (*Tritāpa* — *Ādhibhautika,* the physical; *Ādhyātmika,* the mental and spiritual; and *Ādhidaivika,* the supernatural) by uttering "*śāntih, śāntiḥ, śāntiḥ.*"

In the field of philosophy too the concept of suffering has loomed very large. Particularly in the context of Indian philosophy the problem of the relationship between Being and Suffering, right from the time the Buddha emphasized it, if not introduced it, has occupied a pivotal position. In contrast to this, it is held, and perhaps rightly too, that Western thought in general has paid scant attention to the problem. But that does not mean that the Western mind has not all along been aware of a very close and intimate relationship between Being and Suffering, particularly in the form of Man and Mortality. It only means that an attempt to understand the precise nature of this relation, logically speaking, has been made quite recently and incidentally. The point needs elaboration as it is likely that the Western attempt may help us in understanding the nature of the relationship between Being and Suffering as conceived by the Buddha. Logicians have upheld "Man is mortal" as a true categorical proposition without bothering as to in which category of predicables "mortality" as a predicate is to be placed in relation to "man" as the subject. "Mortality" surely is not to be included in the definition — i.e. genus and differentia — of "man." Nor is it a *proprium* or property, which is said to be, though not a part of the definition, something that directly follows from the latter. Is it then an "accident"? Perhaps yes, but no logician, even though most of them, dealing with the question of predicables, list birth as an inseparable accident, has ever said so in so many words.

As an example of the so-called singular syllogism "Men are mortal,

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[3] Quoted by S. RADHAKRISHNAN, *op. cit.*, p. 363

Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is mortal" had enjoyed unquestioned logical validity for centuries. But some of the logicians today see in this argument an unjustifiable mixture of non-elementary general and existential propositions. Russell, for example, points out that in this syllogism we commit the same mistake as we should in saying: "Men are numerous, Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is numerous." We are not able to see this mistake because we, in actual fact, understand the proposition "Men are mortal" to mean "Anyone who is a man is mortal." Understood that way the proposition turns out to be of implicative form, expressible symbolically as "If P, then Q." "If P, then Q" is equivalent to "Either not-P or Q" and it is in terms of that form that Russell defines material implication, and material implication is the only implication that he recognizes in so far as he treats formal implication as nothing but a special case of general material implication.[4]

Understood in the light of this analysis the relationship between Man and Mortality or Being and Suffering is such that suffering cannot be unless being is, but being may well be even though suffering is not. Being does not entail Suffering and Suffering does not strictly follow from Being.[5] There is no logical necessity involved. Does it mean then that there is no logical justification for the first Noble Truth of the Buddha? Should we say that "man may or may not be mortal"? Should we start doubting what has not been questioned so far? There is no such need. The need, on the contrary, is to realize that there is a necessity other than the logical which deserves our adherence much more than does the latter. This necessity — call it existential, material, practical, experimental, or factual — is the one that makes us see the truth in the Buddha's statement. That there is Suffering (*Duhkha*) is a factual discovery by the Buddha and so are his other three Noble Truths that there is a Cause of Suffering (*Duḥkha Samudaya*), that there is a Cessation of Suffering (*Duḥkha Nirodha*), and that there is a way to the removal of suffering (*Duḥkha nirodha mārga*).

Viewed in the totality of the four Noble Truths the problem of Being and Suffering acquires a significance that is too deep for words and thought and herein perhaps lies the secret of the Buddha's silence on the questions of ontology.[6]

KEWAL KRISHAN MITTAL

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[4] See L. S. STEBBING; *An Introduction to Modern Logic*, pp. 221–6

[5] *Ibid.*, for distinction between entailment and implication.

[6] See my paper "Ontological Commitment in the Context of Buddhist Thought," *Bulletin of the Institute of Post-graduate Evening Studies*, University of Delhi, 1969.

New Books and Old

"The British Image of India"*

HAVING EXAMINED "some 150 works by 50 British authors" — mainly writers of fiction — Mr. Allen J. Greenberger has formulated certain conclusions regarding "the British Image of India." It is a serious, humourless, well-documented study, evidently the result of years of conscientious research. Mr. Greenberger divides the period under study into the Era of Confidence (1880–1910), the Era of Doubt (1910–35) and the Era of Melancholy (1935–60). Cumulatively, this laborious exercise in interpretation is supposed to have shaped itself into "a Study in the Literature of Imperialism, 1880–1960."

The reader is entitled to ask at the outset: Why does the first "era" extend up to 1910? "Doubt" must have sprouted even earlier, during the explosive "*Bande Mataram*" agitation; and Mr. Greenberger himself admits that even in the so-called "Era of Confidence" "a feeling of melancholy is not totally lacking." The "Era of Doubt" probably extended up to 1939 or 1947; and the post-Independence period may be more aptly described as "Nostalgia" or "Post-Mortem."

Mr. Greenberger's method, in dealing with the first Eras, is vaguely dialectical: "The British Self-Image," "The Indian Scene," and "Anglo-Indian Relations." In the "Era of Melancholy," the divisions melt into a mere "Epilogue." Several thousand Britons were involved in the direct governance of India, and these received active or tacit support from many more in Britain. The writers themselves were by no means a very self-conscious group, and a creative writer is as a rule a unique individual rather than the representative of a class or a nation. As for the land the British ruled for a couple of centuries, Kipling has said:

> A stone's throw out on either hand
> From the well-ordered road we thread
> And all the world is wild and strange ...

The Sahib in India, on his own chosen ground, was a self-confident figure enough, at least before the "Era of Doubt." But neither his writ nor his understanding went a stone's throw beyond "the well-ordered road." How much does the yardstick understand the ground? This was also the predicament of the British ruler in India. In such a situation, what is the point in trying to figure out the "British self-image" and the "British image of India"? Like the "economic man," these too are non-existent things. The processes of analysis, sorting, and generalization are no doubt thorough; only the human imponderables give us the slip.

The "British self-image" — whether as father-figure or as guilt-ridden alien or as nostalgic dreamer — had seldom any relation to Indian reality. Playing imaginary roles in an imaginary India, and viewing imaginary Indo-British confrontations, the spokesmen (or critics) of British imperialism in India fabricated fiction several times removed from reality. In the concluding chapter, Mr. Greenberger quotes John Masters: "To feel India ... you must become Indian, gain one set of qualities and lose another. As a race we don't do it — we can't."

There's the rub! The creative writer has to lose himself in his subject, as F. W. Bain did, or Kipling nearly did in some of his stories and in *Kim*, or Forster tried to do in *A Passage to India*. Even so, it is not India — only

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**The British Image of India: A Study in the Literature of Imperialism*, 1880–1960. By ALLEN J. GREENBERGER. (Oxford University Press, London and Bombay. 234 pp. 1969. Rs. 37.50)

a little portion or facet of India — that the writer is able to seize. The writer's stance determines what he shall see and grasp. An L. H. Myers, a Somerset Maugham, a Rumer Godden may catch fragments of the truth (albeit mixed up with extraneous stuff), and the divers fragments may be moulded into an "image" — but that would have little correspondence with the integral Reality that is India.

In imperialism, said Dr. Inge, nothing fails like success. The conquest of India was possible because the rulers as rulers were neither capable of love nor of humour. India for them was a field of adventure, and Indians were pawns in the game. The electric human contact between Englishman and Indian would not click. The result was that the moment of success in 1857 was also the beginning of defeat. British imperialism was no worse than any other; perhaps it was, on the whole, rather more easy-going and well-meaning than Portuguese, French, Dutch, German, or Japanese imperialism. But the "British Empire in India" had to end, the false images — the British self-image and the British image of India — had to be consigned to the fire, before Reality could be faced both in Britain and in India.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Gandhiana*

The main facts of the life of Mahatma Gandhi, luckily for this generation, are so well known that a mere clap-trap repetition of events reminds one of the routine introduction of a guest-lecturer which sounds rather like an obituary notice. The Publications Division have done well to provide cheap reprints of two such popular biographies as those by Rolland and Sheean. Rolland was popular in my youth, and I remember to have read his impassioned prose in the original French with the admiration natural to my "age." After half a century, one becomes more critical and, while the facts are there, Aqqad's *ar-Ruh al-Amin,* an example of the same *genre,* is probably more pleasing.

Rolland is philosophical and passionate; Sheean is factual and methodical. In Rolland the great moments of Gandhi's life are written with tragic force; his prose is surcharged with emotion, which, while it loses some of its fire in translation, is yet admirably translated. An excellent example is the account of the trial before Mr. Broomfield, whose tribute to Gandhi has made the District Judge immortal (pp. 110 ff.). Another is about the destructive value of machinery:

> But the nucleus of modern civilization, its heart, so to speak, is machinery. Age of Iron! Heart of Iron! The machine has become a monstrous ideal. ...

Vincent Sheean's is a different effort.

**Mahatma Gandhi: The Man Who Became One with the Universal Being.* By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Trs. from the French by CATHERINE D. GROTH. (Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, New Delhi. 130 pp. Reprint, 1968. Rs. 2.00)

Mahatma Gandhi: A Great Life in Brief. By VINCENT SHEEAN. (Publications Division, New Delhi. 185 pp. Reprint, 1968. Rs. 4.00)

Day-to-Day with Gandhi (Secretary's Diary). Vol. I: November 1917–March 1919. By MAHADEV H. DESAI. Ed. by NARAHARI D. PARIKH. Trs. by HEMANTKUMAR G. NILKANTH. (Sarva Seva Sangh Prakashan, Varanasi. 400 pp. 1968. Ordinary ed., Rs. 15.00; £2; $5.00; Library ed., Rs. 20.00: £2 5s.; $6.00)

Khadi Gramodyog, Vol. XV, No. 1, Anniversary Number. (Khadi and Village Industries Commission, Bombay. 178 pp. October 1969. Annual Subscription, Rs. 2.50)

Like a surgeon he takes up the body of the patient and shows us with meticulous accuracy what happened when. The development of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi from a middle-class Kathiawari to a Barrister-at-law; to a social worker; to a political leader; to a non-violent rebel; to a mass leader of profound significance to India and possibly the world, is not attempted. He divides the subject into seven chapters and deals tersely and with commendable restraint with the biography of the Indian leader. A well-written section is the last one, wherein the tragic assassination of Mahatmaji is described.

But of all the volumes before us, perhaps the most illuminating is *Day-to-Day with Gandhi* by his secretary and life-companion Mahadev Desai. It consists of a diary on the basis of the Master's letters. It is in such a work that the light of his character shines. To take a couple of examples:

To a "son" who has acted nobly, he writes:

> I accept the father's position you give me, because you have satisfied all my expectations from a son. I believe he is a true father who gives birth to a son of more sterling worth. And he is the true son who becomes richer (in spiritual values) than his father. If the father is a lover of truth, strong in his resolves ... and full of compassion, the son should possess these qualities in a greater degree (p. 27).

To Charlie Andrews, reprimanding him for writing an introduction to a worthless book in Hindi:

> The introduction does credit to your heart. You are an Indian and as Lord Willingdon would say, you are afraid to say "no." I would far rather that you retained the English characteristics and said "no" when it is "no," which really should be said. I suppose it is the privilege of love sternly to say "no" (p. 247).

It is these small incidents of his life, the little remarks made in his letters and conversation, that give us a true glimpse of his character, like the tiny facets of a blue diamond.

The *Khadi Gramodyog* has contributions from U. N. Dhebar, Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, Dr. Triguna Sen, and others and is of interest only to workers in that field.

A. A. A. FYZEE

Notes on The Bhagavad-Gita. The First Seven Chapters by WILLIAM Q. JUDGE. The Remaining Chapters by A STUDENT TAUGHT BY HIM. (Theosophy Co. (India) Private Ltd., Bombay. 237 pp. First Indian edition 1965. Rs. 3.25; 5*s*.; $1.25)

The articles written by William Q. Judge were first printed in his magazine *The Path,* appearing in various numbers from 1887 to 1895. The *Notes* for the whole eighteen chapters were first published in book form in 1918 by the magazine *Theosophy.*

It would be natural to assume from the title that this little book was written specifically for the student of the *Bhagavad-Gita* and to ignore it on that assumption if one has neither read nor contemplated reading the *Gita.* To do so would be to ignore a work which, apart from faithfully fulfilling its appointed task, contains sound philosophy of much wider appeal to the Western reader than he may at first suppose.

Here is an example of the ideas I have in mind, which also illustrates the quality of reasoned thinking which seasons the *Notes*:

> Our doctrine and education lead us to think that we are *inherently imperfect*; if we are so, we can never by any possibility become perfect; but if we are inherently perfect, we can see, understand and correct imperfect knowledge and use of all forces, for it is *forces* we are dealing with, not forms; it is *ideas,* not persons (pp. 164-5).

The idea that we are inherently imperfect is something we have been con-

stantly taught and re-taught. We have lived with it so long that it seldom occurs to us to reason that if it were true for Man the idea of perfection would just not exist. So, too, would the idea of the God within cease to have any meaning. We have to be, in our essence, inherently perfect in order to see and understand imperfection.

There are some passages, as one may expect, which the reader may not find so lucid, and in this respect I am thinking particularly of a portion of Chapter Three which deals with sacrifice. As Mr. Judge rightly points out it is difficult to make sense to the Western mind on this subject; also, the obscurity may be due to some extent to reticence on the part of the author, for he freely admits:

> To say all I think about sacrifice would only expose me to a charge of madness, superstition, or ignorance; it certainly would on every hand be received with incredulity (p. 86).

However, these instances of obscurity are not common. Generally the exposition is clear; often brilliantly so.

That the authors seek to illuminate the meaning hidden in the allegorical language of the *Gita* is never forgotten but as the illumination is undertaken "By the light of that Spiritual Lamp" there emerge individual insights that nestle comfortably within a blanket of accepted Theosophical teaching and, for me at least, it is these flashes that give the book its savour.

In trying to assess *Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita* as honestly as possible I am aware that it presents a profound basic philosophy which is beyond question for me.

One can differ as to some methods of expression used, considering misunderstandings that may arise through limitations of language. I am thinking particularly of referring to the Higher Self within, the Perceiver, as the Divine Spark of Spirit, Life, and Consciousness. This is a term used a great deal in Theosophical literature that I have read and it has always suggested to me something having the quality of the whole that is, yet, only part of it; whereas I see the True Self as the infinite in Man and so the whole Supreme Spirit — not a spark but the full flame.

Whatever stage of consciousness Man may reach I cannot see that he can ever know anything greater than his Higher Self.

Nevertheless, I would think it difficult for anyone who has thought deeply on the nature of Man to argue with the essence of what is put forward in this book. It is clearly emphasized that the God and the Reality that so many of us still persist in seeking without — treating the object of our search as something separate from ourselves — is Man in his true nature. We are, ourselves, in our essence the Supreme Spirit we seek.

Though there are many paths along which we may travel in our seeking ultimately all must arrive at one way to true discovery which is awareness that not only is each one of us in our Higher Self the God we have constantly sought but union with this Self is in real effect union with the true nature of all expressions of life and dissolves all ideas of separateness. Furthermore, to reach this union requires constant devotion, and by devotion is not meant the pious expressing of reverence at suitable intervals but rather concentration, concentration on the voice of the silent Self. Only through such concentration is this union possible.

WINSTON R. COOPER

The Quest: History and Meaning in Religion. By MIRCEA ELIADE. (The University of Chicago Press, Chicago and London. 180 pp. 1969. 45*s*.)

This is an example of the type of book which, while a blessing to the reader, is a bane to the reviewer. And where the author is a Mircea Eliade the problem deepens. The eight essays here gathered are all of interest and impor-

tance, but it is not easy to detect the underlying and unifying theme on which to base judgement.

Written rather for the intelligent reader than for the specialist, they are intended, as the author says in his preface,

> to stress the cultural function which the history of religions could play in a desacralized society and also to develop systematic hermeneutics of the scared and its historical manifestations.

Herein those already familiar with Eliade's work will discern what has been for long his distinctive contribution and others may wish to learn from one who has been able to shed some light upon and see some meaning in the religious phenomena of the somewhat arid period in which we now live. "Take what you will — and pay for it," we are told. This is grimly true of a secularized society which rejects religious values for what are held to be good reasons, only to discover that something essential is missing from the resultant pattern.

It has been the work of Eliade to demonstrate that if religion as such is out then, at least, the study of religions can fulfil a much-needed cultural function. Around this master theme the various essays move.

The range covered, the authorities cited and described, the manifold illustrations from every area and type of religion, make the reading a cultural adventure in itself. It should be taken in small doses with intervals for reflection. And one such reflection of his own the reviewer passes on to such as may join him — how often there is an urge to check a point with Teilhard de Chardin.

MARCUS WARD

The Moral Life. By OLIVER A. JOHNSON. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 107 pp. 1969. 25*s.*, i.e. £1.25)

The problems of morality and conduct have vexed men since the earliest civilizations: the understanding of what is right and what "ought" to be has been a frequent preoccupation of philosophers and a central theme of religious leaders of all major traditions. For those whose understanding of morality flows naturally from a theistic system, the problems are lessened, but not removed altogether: the identification of the "ought" with that which furthers the "will of God" moves the discussion into the theological problems of how man may accurately discern the divine will. For those without such a theistic starting-point, the problem is infinitely greater. Oliver Johnson, of California University, offers some new lines of approach, refusing to confine himself either to laying down lines of moral conduct or to any mere analysis of the logic of moral discourse, and addressing himself to the twin issues "How ought we as moral beings to act?" and "Why ought we to act in this way?" The plausibility of many traditional and contemporary approaches to theories of moral knowledge, including the notion that moral beliefs can be justified by an appeal to a kind of intellectual intuition, is rejected: an "ought" may not be derived from another "ought."

Yet we are not consigned to the limbo of moral scepticism. Mr. Johnson carefully analyses the many meanings of moral imperatives, concluding that man is made a moral being by his ability to settle matters of dispute by reason rather than by force, and acts have moral significance because they affect others and consequently put the agent under moral obligation. Arguing cogently the rationality of the moral imperative, the author works out a new theory of moral discourse around his "Principle of Personal Impartiality" and "Principle of Equal Rights."

BRIAN G. COOPER

India's Evolution: — Its Meaning. By SISIRKUMAR MITRA. (Jaico Publishing House, Bombay. 157 pp. 1968. Rs. 4.00)

Shri Sisirkumar Mitra of Śri-Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, deals, in a brief compass, with India's evolution as a progressive preparation for the destined future not only of herself but also of the world. The author interprets history from the standpoint of Śri-Aurobindo's vision of the ages of the India to be. With an extensive and intensive knowledge of the civilization of India and of the world as well, coupled with a very intimate acquaintance with Śri-Aurobindo's works and teachings, the author has done ample justice to the subject with up-to-date facts and figures.

The first chapter is on India as "The Spiritual Mother of Mankind." In Chapter 2, he points out that the glory of India's history is indissolubly bound up with her geography and that her geographical features not only add to the beauty of the country but also enhance the spirituality and glory of the country. Chapters 3 to 7 deal with the ages of her history. The last two chapters pertain to India's awakening in modern times.

It has been recognized that India is the land from which spirituality and philosophy have again and again diffused over the world. Throughout the ages, India's mission was to establish harmony and unity amidst diversity to make man realize "the One in the many," and enjoy the spiritual and eternal values of Truth, Beauty and Goodness. Her history revolves on two axes — culture and spirituality. All this, Śri-Aurobindo considers, and the author reinforces, is due to India's response to the Divine *Śakti.*

> The Divine *Sakti* is the fount and focal point of infinite energy that pervades all creation, sustains, impels, motivates all movements of Universal Nature. ...
>
> Behind the driving force of the Mother lies the Consciousness and Will of the Supreme with which she carries on her work for the evolution of the earth.

The author has also established that the life and work of the great and distinguished sons of India were inspired by the spiritual vision of India's soul, the vision of the spiritualization of life as a preparatory step to its ultimate Divine Perfection. India has always existed for humanity and it is for humanity and not for herself that she must be great. The author deserves to be commended for this book.

K. E. PARTHASARATHY

Three Mughal Poets: Mir: Sauda: Mir Hasan. By RALPH RUSSELL and KHURSHIDUL ISLAM. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. xxvi+290 pp. 1969. 48*s.*)

Although Mir, Sauda, and Mir Hasan are considered by authorities to be the finest Urdu poets of the eighteenth century, their names, for a variety of reasons too complicated to be summarized here, are likely to be unknown not only to Western readers, but also to students of Islamic culture. We must, therefore, be grateful to Ralph Russell and Khurshidul Islam — a European and an Indian Muslim scholar—for a collaboration which has resulted in this fascinating volume which will undoubtedly extend the range of our knowledge, whilst giving us a rare insight into the historical setting of this remarkable poetry; to Ibrahim Allahabadi, who is responsible for the calligraphy (both the translations and Urdu originals are provided); and to UNESCO for accepting the volume for the Indian translation series.

Obviously, the reader without a knowledge of Urdu will have to take a great deal on trust with the translations into English. Though the translators have not aimed at a close and literal adherence to the Urdu, they have attempted to reproduce the spirit and sub-

stance of the original as faithfully as possible, and have been scrupulously careful not to add anything of their own. Obviously, too, something must have been lost in the translation, since this is inevitable, but enough comes across for the reader to catch the moods and outlooks of the poets concerned.

It may well be said that these three poets present three different aspects of eighteenth-century literary expression in Urdu. Sauda, the satirist, looks at the society of his day with a penetrating eye and enables us to gain a clear picture of life in Delhi and Lucknow at the time. His contemporary, Mir Hasan, provides the romantic lyricism which reminds us of the *Thousand and One Nights,* and a delight in fantasy which has its parallels in other literatures. Mir, perhaps the greatest of the three, excels in his use of elaborate conceits typical of our own Metaphysical poets, whilst extending the tradition of the *ghazal.*

HOWARD SERGEANT

Theatre in Southeast Asia. By JAMES R. BRANDON. (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.; Oxford University Press, Bombay. 370 pp. Illustrated. 1967. $12.50)

This book deals with the theatre movement in Southeast Asia. The theatre has been dealt with as art, as institution, and as communication. The book is planned on a topical rather than a country-to-country basis; so that the interrelations among theatre forms could be brought out. About half of all the theatre activity in Southeast Asia takes place in Indonesia and sufficient prominence is given to material devoted to Indonesian theatre.

The theatrical experience has such multiplicity of expression in Southeast Asia that it appears a great disconnected jumble. It is more or less a miscellaneous collection of unrelated forms and styles. Beneath their outward differences, many *genres,* however, are closely related. They have common characteristics, having grown from similar cultural settings. To understand Southeast Asian theatre properly in any form requires recognition of both the underlying common properties which link theatre forms together and the variety of differences which distinguish them from each other.

Powerful influences from outside the geographical area of Southeast Asia such as those from India, China, the Islamic countries, and the West have left a very strong imprint on the theatre of Southeast Asia. In various countries of Southeast Asia, the theatre has evolved in different directions in response to local conditions and forces, and many *genres* have come into being. In Indonesia and Thailand there are over a dozen theatre forms. The development of these theatre forms is thoroughly discussed.

It is interesting that the audience is given special importance in this book. To paraphrase Mao-Tse Tung, the audience is the ocean and the theatre troupes are the fish that swim therein. Without the ocean, the fish will die; without the audience, the troupe will die. In Southeast Asia about 150,000,000 people annually are expected to see the plays. The analysis of the type of audience and the audience-theatre relations are well presented in this book. Equally important is the discussion of the social status of troupes. Some of the performers are villagers and, keeping that status, they at times go into the troupes. The general social status of performers is not said to be high, for many are illiterates and vagabonds.

The book deals at length with plays in Southeast Asia as they are performed today. Details of performance have changed often and radically in recent times. Even recent descriptions of these performances are said to be not complete and accurate. Partial descriptions of theatre forms have appeared in

various chapters in this book. Most of the information here has been gathered from first-hand observation of performances and from conversation with performers and theatre-troupe managers to ensure accuracy.

Many of the photographs, illustrating various forms of dance, modern puppet shows, and settings of dramas are very interesting and should incite further study.

The Bibliography given countrywise, the Glossary, and the Index at the end are valuable assets. The author presents his book as the result of a year's research in Southeast Asia, and his efforts have been fruitful: this is a very useful and enlightening volume.

POTHUKUCHI SAMBASIVARAO

Man and Myth in Victorian England: Tennyson's "The Coming of Arthur." By. J. M. GRAY. (The Tennyson Society, Tennyson Research Centre, Lincoln. 34 pp. 1969. 10*s.*; Members 7*s.* 6*d.*; post free.)

It is gratifying, after a long period of neglect and depreciation, to find Tennyson — next to Milton the supreme artist among English poets — now attracting the critical attention he deserves, to judge by Mr. Gray's charmingly produced and well-written pamphlet, published by the Tennyson Society. In its small compass it displays a great deal of learning and critical acumen.

The essay is divided into three sections, the first being a learned introduction to the whole series of the *Idylls,* the form of which the writer sees as deriving from the "Alexandrian idyl," with a formidable list (taken from H. M. McLuhan) of qualities, some of which are with difficulty seen as having been passed on to this particular Idyll — obscurity and digressiveness, for instance.

Mr. Gray finds "The Coming of Arthur" "complicated" and containing too much myth, but it is Tennyson's genius to render these supposed faults invisible to the reader. He declares, convincingly, that in this short Idyll Tennyson constructs for us the whole realm of Lyonesse, but he thinks the characters are "not medieval." He speaks of the varied sources from which the mythological accounts of Arthur's birth are drawn, but neglects to point out that Malory, "Tennyson's chief source," gives only the simple explanation of Arthur's birth, the one Leodogran is so anxiously seeking — that he is the son of Uther and Ygerne.

Section II consists of a brilliant analysis of the content of the poem, the compelling sequence of stories. Mr. Gray is insufficiently appreciative of the power with which the poet draws all the myths into a whole, so that the reader feels he is taking part in one unbroken fascinating event. He is also inclined to find fault with minor points of syntax, whereas the business of the reader is to be fully responsive to the splendour of the diction and the majesty of the verse, as in the unforgettable picture of that ninth wave, "gathering half the deep and full of voices," that flung the baby king at Merlin's feet.

Section III explains Tennyson's symbolism and elucidates his purpose to display the magic and mystery of life. There are thirteen pages of notes which, though full of learning, are unlikely to add to the appreciation of this wonderful poem, which sets a standard for the half-score of "Idylls" that follow — a standard not always attained.

HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN

Fundamentals of Raga and Tala: With a New System of Notation. By NIKHIL GHOSH. (Author; distributors: Popular Prakashan, Bombay. 120 pp. Illustrated. 1968. Rs. 15.00)

Integration of the cultures of various

countries and internationalization of the spheres of the arts and sciences are the vital needs of today for establishing and preserving the rich heritages of the past. Inspired by the realization of this pressing need, the author has zealously settled down to the task of presenting to us the rich fruits of his experiments and experience in the field of music.

The book is divided into six chapters. In the first chapter, the author furnishes the reader with a brief history of the development of the art and science of music in India. This chapter caters to the probing mind of the scholar and the factual mind of the student. In the second chapter, he recounts the salient features of instrumental music. The third and fourth chapters acquaint the reader with the technical aspect of music. This information is sometimes of an elementary nature and fails to cover all aspects, probably because the objective of the author is to provide the teachers with a handbook for teaching effectively and systematically, rather than copiously. In Chapter Five, the reader is enlightened on the characteristics and features of *tālas* (rhythm-schemes of Indian music). Chapter Six is the zenith to which the purview of the author's scholarliness and originality reaches. Herein the author expounds a new system of notation which synthesizes the prevalent systems of notation into a homogeneous whole. Hence the characteristic traits of this notation are simplicity, practicability, and accuracy.

The outstanding and differential traits of this book are the artistic get-up of the book, the illustrations and frontispieces, and the questions at the end of each chapter and the pictures of the musicians with invisible instruments.

Finally, it may be said that the book is a successful attempt at satisfying a predominating need of the day. It is earnestly hoped that more books of this type will be encouraged and published for elevation of the art.

SHAKUNTALA N. GAYATONDE

Reflections and Reactions. By JATINDRA MOHAN GANGULI. (East and West Publishers, Calcutta. 255 pp. 1969. Rs. 25.00; 40*s*.; $5.00)

The author is a well-known essayist. He has an ardent passion for writing. "Day to day as I feel so I write, ignoring what I wrote yesterday, and not caring what I may think tomorrow" (p. 255). Again, "the testimony of my observation and experience is truer and more meaningful to me than the hopeful thinking and belief of others or the authority of scriptures" (p. 220). He reacts to and reflects on the world within as well as the world without, being provoked by the passing breeze, so to say, as it touches individuals whom he meets; incidents which happen; concepts and conventions, which are uncritically accepted by people and, hence, have no moulding effect or influence of any kind. His style is without stress or strain of any sort, while his *forte* seems to be to give a sudden, startling, scintillating original turn to the commonplace in human believing and behaviour. The book, marked by robust rationalism, contains 109 delightful "essays" on everything under the sun as it were (God, Nature, Freedom, Truth, Reality, Scriptures, Screen Art, etc.), some of these being in verse, too. The printing and get-up are of a high order but the price is rather prohibitive.

G. M.

BALDOON DHINGRA

Leaves from a Paris Diary

[Dr. Baldoon Dhingra introduces us to yet another contribution to the endless discussion about Atlantis. We express no opinion on Dr. Wescott's theory; but it contains three striking elements: the idea of an antique civilization more knowledgeable than ours both psychically and technologically; the idea that somehow, somewhere this knowledge is preserved; the evident longing of an orphaned humanity for some spiritual elders to take it by the hand. Both on the historical aspect and on the presence of Spiritual Elders on our earth, Madame Blavatsky has impressive information and inspiring philosophical explanations to offer, particularly in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II.—ED.]

THE SEARCH FOR ATLANTIS, or a voyage to it — the myth or the legend, even the possible reality — continues to fascinate our age. The flight to the moon has, if anything, increased rather than diminished this urge, for an urge indeed it is. Where are the sages of yesterday?

George Bordonove's *Les Atlantes* still discusses the strange, but fascinating people that existed and then perished. Recent books, three published this year, treat so many historical and geographical aspects of this lost Kingdom or Empire. All of them (now numbering over two thousand) follow the blurred trail laid down by Selon, Plato, and Critias, of the rise and destruction, by physical causes, of the shining era. Atlantis, they say, existed around 9000 B.C. This would bear out the at once extremely fascinating and serious studies made by Dr. Roger Wescott, who does not accept the theory of the destruction of Atlantis or Mu.

In a passage from his remarkable book, *The Divine Animal,* Dr. Wescott states his belief that the supposed inundation of the civilization of Atlantis as the result of a catastrophe appears to be

> a distortion of the actual event, which was probably *not a catastrophic flood but rather an orderly transfer of saucerite bases from the land to the sea floor* (italics mine).

And then Dr. Wescott goes on to say something quite astonishing.

> What was likely to be catastrophic about the event was not the manner in which it occurred but rather its *effect on mankind, who were left to their own self-destructive devices* (italics mine).

Ever since then, since "this great relocation," according to our distinguished scientist-philosopher, saucerites have only visited the land as observers, never as settlers. Some terrestrials, advanced and sage-like, betook themselves to their new abode, the sea-floor. The Aztec god Quetzalcoatl and the sage Lao-tze can be taken as such exceptional visitations.

The learned anthropologist and chairman of Drew University goes further: he suggests that when some spiritual leaders despaired at their students' inability to grasp their lessons, they left by saucer and miraculously entered "heaven." Some leaders succumbed to the greed of the society to which they went and were soon lost to the "saucerite community." It would now appear that "saucerites" have given up most inhabitants of the planet Earth as a pretty hopeless job and thus avoid direct confrontations with them. If ever man could overcome his penchant for self-destruction and take to peaceful living, the saucerites would return. The potentialities of such contacts are indeed limitless. And here Dr. Wescott makes yet another, quite plausible guess: that "saucerites have kept records of the vanished human races, languages, and settlements about whose very existence we now only speculate."

We would all agree that contact with saucerites is highly to be desired, but how? Nor, it would appear, are saucerites creatures of extra-terrestrial origin. They are more highly evolved beings, be they realized men and women or supermen and superwomen.

If these great figures ever return to earth, and they presumably do so, it would be only to guide the already evolved creatures whose advanced stage would permit them to understand or implement the insights they have obtained. This could explain the extraordinary contacts some men and women have established with *devatas,* etc., whenever the time for them is ripe. For. on the Path the ancients have trodden, ripeness is all.

There are, and there will be, many riddles left to solve, and when we have solved these, others will follow; for there are and can be no limits to inner discoveries. We, especially those caught only in the snares of technology, believe all answers to lie there, but Dr. Wescott, a Western observer and seeker, concludes a chapter in these words: "... however far we may look and however long we may live, we are always in some sense looking at ourselves. ..."

We are earthbound. A spiritual revolution is needed in the sense that opposing "totems," mutually rejecting cultures, should achieve a higher unity and usher in "the ideal" referred to by Śri-Aurobindo and Teilhard de Chardin.

BALDOON DHINGRA

Ends and Sayings

"... ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."

—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

Science Journal's special issue (October 1969), "Science for Mankind," is concerned with questions vital today. As under the sub-heading "Science and Society" Professor Samuel Silver puts it:

> Many problems attributed to science and technology are in fact problems of human behaviour. Scientists and engineers must recognize the possible use and misuse of their knowledge and the limitations of their disciplines for solving social problems.

The whole journal is so packed with significant and thought-provoking articles, all by contributors of high standing in their fields, that it is frustrating to give only a brief mention to them. Dr. Emmanuel G. Mesthene, in "Technology and Human Values," considers these values at different levels — social values, moral and ethical values, those of the metaphysician investigating the nature of existence, the problem of good and evil. At the level of religious values philosophy is transfused into actual religious experience clothed in the language of myth.

> It is in religious myths, then, that both the vision of the divine and the sense of ultimate value take on a form which enables them to function in religious experience.

This, however, must find expression in what he calls "aesthetic" values. Expression needs tools (i.e., technology). For him, obviously, science, philosophy, religion, art, are not really separate, but facets of one whole. All values are concerned, he states,

> with relationships of means and ends and all derive from man as creator, no matter whether he is making a painting, a rocket, a book, a polity, a good life or his god.

From a more social angle, there is Kenneth Boulding's "Research for Peace" and Paul Leyhausen's "The Dilemma of Social Man" on population problems, which make the point:

> Our children ... learn willingly and easily only from adults whom they regard, in some way or other, as superior. If the adult, out of a false interpretation of "democracy," refuses to accept the role the young need him to play, he must not be astonished that they

will not trust him or his teaching but choose for themselves the wrong kind of mentor or leader.

Professor Barry Commoner writes of the "long record of serious failure" due to the premature adoption of technological developments (nuclear power, motor transport, insecticides, fertilizers) "before their long-term hazards were known." Dr. René Dubois considers in "The Human Environment" the mental and physical dangers from the new pollutions; from intense, unnatural stimuli; from the frustrations of crowding and mechanized work; and from sudden changes due to excessively speeded developments. "Real Goals for Education," "Real Goals for Medicine," and "Assessing the Priorities" complete the picture. The lists of books for further reading, offered with every article, indicate that this scientific "concern" with man as man is perhaps more widespread than is realized.

When so much of the literary world (including drama, radio, film, and television) has become obsessed with hypersensitive egotistic exhibitionism, with erotic and deviationist themes, with violence and dirt presented as "realism," with private hells and fantasies of the lower mind, with prying curiosity masquerading as biography; when vile subject-matter is forgiven or passed over because of the brilliance, forcefulness, or feverish beauty of style — it is a relief to read sincere, straightforward writing, a more universal and balanced viewpoint, such as these articles offer. It is perhaps scientists today who, in their impersonal search, seem nearer to truth and reality than many "creative" writers in their mirror bubbles blown about by the polluted winds of fashion.

The journal of the World Congress of Faiths, London, *World Faiths* (Autumn 1969) reports their successful annual conference at Bristol, July 1969, entitled "Moral Standards Today." Particular mention may be made of the closing address by the Chairman, Lord Sorensen, "The Testimony of All Faiths to Moral Values." He posited the "problems that have challenged the human spirit throughout the ages" — the reconciliation of individual freedom with social order and welfare, the promotion of "toleration without endangering integrity," the uniting of valid tradition with new expressions of truth, and the blending of mind and heart. Moral standards do not inhere in the varying incidentals that enrich human life, and these differences must not foster irrational antagonisms. On the other hand, on questions of conviction and tradition, excessive diversity generated simply by personal impulses and notions may prove destructive, unless restrained by "the acceptance of supreme moral values." These last, he said, are not simply codes of conduct about diet, clothes, practices, attitudes to military service, etc., which vary in the different religions, and also century by century in the same religion.

> Penetrating, yet transcending, those variables are moral values that, with degrees of priority and emphasis, exist within all faiths and religions. Among these are justice, mercy, compassion, integrity, courage, sacrifice, fidelity and fraternity. Here is where all can meet on common ground, although the implementation of such essential moral values is not always clear. ...

Lord Sorensen referred to the growing recognition, individual and governmental, of international moral obligations, but emphasized that the source of all moral urges lies beyond man's finite nature. Without the recognition, by mind and heart, of the presence of Deity, the Sacred Reality or the Absolute, we cannot rightly interpret moral values. There is a spiritual criterion, a "spiritual authority beyond the immediate, the instinctive and the sensuous," a unity that transcends all diversity. He summed up his subject with sayings from various religions, all alike on the theme of love towards one's fellow beings.

Other indications of the breaking down of the barriers of religious exclusiveness may be noted in such projects as The Temple of Understanding at Washington, D.C., U.S.A., and in the growing interest in the comparative study of religions. This season's course of lectures on "The Great World Religions: Their Origins — Their Living Features" at the City Literary Institute, one of the most famous of London's "Further Education" Institutes, is by Dr. Ruth Gaevernitz and covers the whole range in an interesting syllabus. The *Newsletter* (Summer 1969) of The Temple of Understanding also reports a series of religious lectures and films at Washington, the first by Swami Ranganathananda of the Ramakrishna Mission, on "Eternal Values in a Changing Society," with two accompanying films, on Zen and on Tibetan Buddhism in exile. It further announces its second Spiritual Summit Conference for 31 March 1970, at Istanbul, Turkey. The group's purpose is

> to construct in the Washington, D.C., area, a building, symbolizing understanding among the world's great religions, and dedicated to education concerning them, through world-wide programmes.

The Divinity Department of Borough Road College, Isleworth, Middlesex, England, is planning to become an information clearing house and ideas centre for the teaching of World Education of immigrants (*World Studies Education Service Bulletin,* No. 13). It hopes to collect a comprehensive list of the major religious festivals of all religions, for use in class work. It plans to list appropriate books, films, records, photographs, religious objects and garments, for sale, as well as to provide details of all other sources of information about the World Religions.

All this is promising, and if the "communications" and participations enable adherents of the different faiths to sift "incidentals" from "essentials" in their own approach to truth, they will also broaden and deepen their heritage. Just as the intelligence manifested by a bodily organ is greater than the sum-total of the cells' intelligences making it up, the higher intelligence showing through the body itself is greater than the sum of the intelligences of its organs and parts. So the Wisdom that could show through the functioning brotherhood of religions would transcend their sum-total, synthesizing without destroying their rich variety, just as the seven spectrum colours still remain, even though the white light embraces them all.

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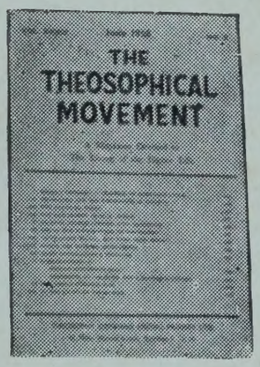

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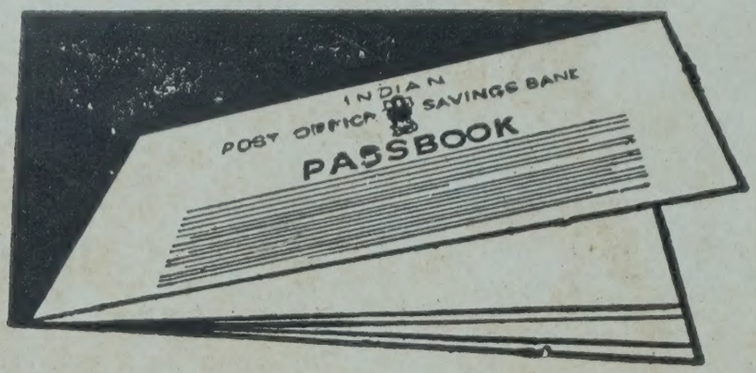

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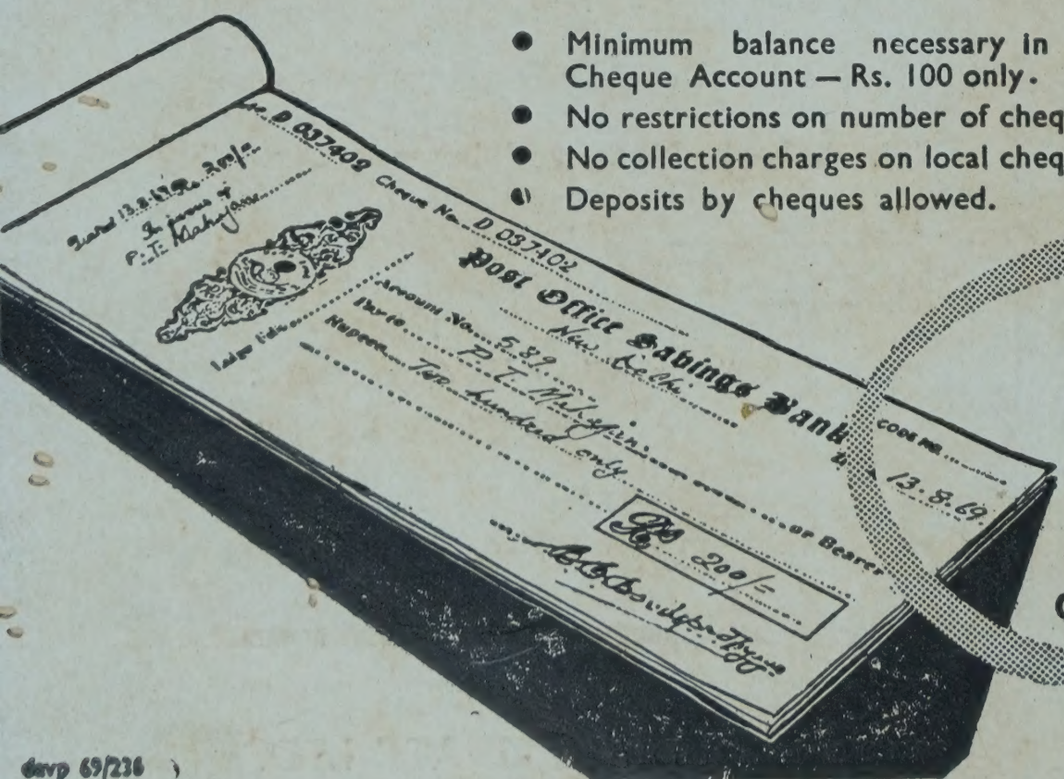

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